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I laid her on her back and expressed strokes of oral fondness to her sweet shaven flower which she seemed to be enjoyably sensitive to. I softly licked and gently sucked the magic emanating from her smooth flowery pedals and applied both simultaneously to budding style until she wriggled away.



After sipping some champagne, she retreated to the bathroom to change into an exceptionally hot lingerie outfit. Holy mackerel, this young thing oozed sexuality.



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PENTHOUSE LETTERS



PENTHOUSE
VARIATIONS
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Cover Girl: February 2016 Penthouse Pet Of The Month, Darcie Dolce

SURE, Valentine's Day can be red-hot. But why settle for only one night of fun? The readers of *Penthouse Letters* certainly don't limit themselves—in February or any other month—seeking all sorts of horny hookups and one-night stands.

Married couples step out for some extramarital adventures in "Open Season," including lovers on the road and one woman who cooks up passion on the home front. While singles on the hunt take advantage of good fortune when they discover others on the make in "Serendipity," including a ballerina who puts on a passionate performance.

This edition's "Letter of the Month" takes on the taboo as a man meets his former fiancée's younger sister—and she sparks more than memories for a swinging good time.

Couples become trios in "Three for All," where you'll find a lesbian who gives her bisexual wife the gift of a night with a man.

But that's only a taste of what's in store for you this month. Turn the page and discover even more torrid tales to fuel your fantasies.

Think your story deserves to be in the pages of *Penthouse Letters*? Email us at letters@penthouse.com, and share your sexy secrets!

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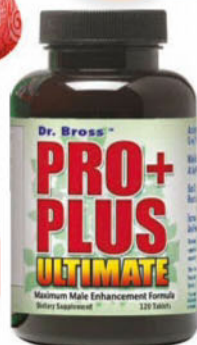
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LETTERS

▷ OPEN SEASON

❶ 50 STATES

My cock twitched in my slacks as I took in the woman's alluring figure in her snug dress. Things were looking good with Denise, the flirty hottie I'd met in the hotel lobby bar. We had been sitting together over cocktails, and before long, the night felt alive with promise. I'd hoped we'd be going up to my room before the night was through.

She, however, kept looking at my wedding ring.

"Where's your wife, Sean?" she finally asked.

"In another state. I'm here for the convention."

"You do this kind of thing a lot?" She asked the question coyly, but I saw she was genuinely curious.

I answered honestly. "I've done it lots. So has my wife. Between us, we've slept with almost 50 other people. Almost."

Denise blinked, then laughed nervously. "Wow. You mean, you both know that the other is stepping out?"

"Yes. We have an open marriage, but there are rules. It's not a free-for-all."

She wanted to know what those rules were. So I told her. My wife, Wendy, and I had known before we'd married that neither of us was a jealous type. We also knew we both liked multiple partners. But to make sure things didn't get messy on the home front, we decided to take only out-of-state lovers. Since we both traveled extensively for our jobs, we could indulge in one-night stands all over the map—and we did.

That also gave us a fun idea, like participating in one of those contests where you have to collect stamps or box tops marked with the name of each U.S. state. Together, we'd been accumulating sexual conquests from sea to shining sea, plus Alaska and Hawaii.

Luck had put my convention in the last state we needed to collect them all. The very last one. "You could be the final

piece to our puzzle," I explained.

Denise looked flushed with excitement. I could tell she felt at ease. Perhaps the concept of "collecting states" made it easier for her to believe I really had an open marriage. I was thrilled to have a shot with this woman and at this last state. It had taken Wendy and I more than two years to get to this point.

Denise grabbed my hand and hurried me to the elevator. On the way up, we kissed ferociously. Her tongue was hot and wet, twisting around mine. I felt her tits

**"SLIPPING DOWN
BETWEEN HER
THIGHS, I FOUND
HER PUSSY, WET
AND WILLING."**

pressed against me as her body writhed with excitement. Filled with anticipation, we entered my room.

"There's one last thing," I said. "But only if you're okay with it."

Denise turned at the foot of the bed; she'd been just about to slip off her dress. I headed to the desk and opened the laptop there. With a few key taps, the video chat screen came alive. Wendy looked out from it, smiling. I stepped aside, and she beheld Denise.

"You're just lovely, aren't you?" my wife purred.

Denise froze for a second, but then a naughty expression shown on her face. She pushed the straps off her shoulders and let the dress fall to her waist. I gazed at her gorgeous breasts, full mounds capped with pink nipples. On the laptop's screen, Wendy stared, too.

Liking the attention, Denise shimmied the dress off her hips to stand naked before me—and my wife. Though she was back home in another state.

Wendy turned her eyes on me. "Number 50, darling. Make it a good one!" The computer was aimed toward the bed.

I went to Denise, shedding my clothing as I did. My cock stood out straight and hard. Desire coiled and uncoiled in my gut. I took her in my arms, and we kissed again, delving deeper with our tongues, searching and slurping. Her warm mouth was endlessly enticing. Her bare flesh against mine was soft and seductive.

We moved onto the bed, and I put my hands on her tits, squeezing them tightly. She reached around to grope my ass, then slipped a hand between us and fondled my balls, causing pleasure to tingle through me. I tweaked her hardened nips, and she moaned in approval.

I kissed her throat, liking the smooth feel of her skin. I moved down to her tits. As I licked their upper slopes, she ran her fingers through my hair. When I went to nibble on her stiff nipples, she cried out in a sharper voice.

She lay back as I continued my southward trajectory. Her shapely legs opened while I kissed a trail down her flat belly. Already I could detect her excited scent. Slipping down between her thighs, I found her pussy awaiting me, wet and willing.

I traced my tongue tip through her damp folds, gently parting her. She groaned and closed her thighs around my shoulders. I licked inside her for a first real taste. She was tangy, her flavor electric. I pressed my mouth onto her and tongued her deeper.

Again, her fingers were in my hair, this time grabbing by the roots. Her hips rolled underneath me as she flexed the muscles in her butt against the bed. As her excitement soared, she started jamming her pussy against my mouth.

"Yes! Suck that pussy! Suck it!"

I heard the voice. It wasn't Denise's.

Pausing long enough to look up, I saw



Denise look over at the nearby laptop, smiling lewdly. I didn't need to look myself to know Wendy was watching, transfixed, and that she had called out the encouraging words.

Denise pulled my mouth hard against her pussy again, and I resumed eating her out. I zeroed in on her engorged clitoris and gave that lush lovebud all the attention it deserved.

By using the video features on our laptops, my wife and I had been able to keep one another involved, almost directly, in our extramarital sexual antics. After all, we loved one another madly—so why not share our various escapades, even when we were far away from each other?

That night's encounter with Denise, though, was something special. She represented the 50th state. Maybe it was silly on some level, but I felt a serious sense of accomplishment as I nuzzled and lapped between her legs.

Wendy continued to cheer us on from

her vantage atop the desk. I stroked Denise's clit with my tongue. Her ass rose higher off the bed, and her fingers grasped my hair tighter. Before long, she bucked hard and gave a subdued scream. She shook for a moment and pushed me away gently,

I sat up, my face wet. Denise had gone momentarily limp with erotic exhaustion. I started to move up the bed. She propped up her head with a thick pillow and waved me further up. I straddled her body and took hold of the bed's headboard. She took my knobby cockhead into her mouth.

"Yes! Fuck her mouth!" Wendy implored.

Denise's tongue was already swirling around my swollen crown. Sharp pleasure raced all up and down my body. I slid a further inch of myself into her wet and wiling mouth. Her lips wrapped my shaft, giving me a satisfying amount of friction. I eased forward even more, delighted to see myself slowly disappearing into her.

The look on her face told me she was enjoying this act as keenly as I'd enjoyed going down on her. Her hands came up to grope my ass. She forced more of me into her mouth, until I felt her throat close around my cockhead.

After that, I did as Wendy was encouraging me to do: I fucked Denise's mouth, stroking in and out of her without a care but for my own satisfaction. Still gripping the headboard, I stroked in and out at a steady tempo. I felt Denise's tongue racing along my shaft, felt the sweet suction of her mouth. She was damn hot.

Denise was squirming wildly under me, her eyes dancing. I pulled my cock out of her mouth, and then she panted, "Put it in my pussy, Sean! Fuck me!"

And like an echo, Wendy added her voice: "Fuck her, Sean! Fuck her pussy!"

Grinning, I moved down and repositioned myself. Denise's thighs were slick with sweat as she spread them. I

LETTERS

▷ OPEN SEASON

brought my knob to her cunt hole, then rammed my way home.

She jerked beneath me, as she uttered what sounded like the cross between a hum and a purr. Her arms went around my shoulders, and her ass was already bouncing energetically on the mattress. She grasped me with her silky heat, and I fucked her deep, feeling the hot, wet velvet of her cunt enveloping my dick like magic.

The slap of flesh against flesh grew loud in the hotel room. Her body was glossy from exertion, and so was mine. I began to really pound her, and she squealed helplessly as I reamed her. I could feel the come simmering in my balls, and I thought briefly about the convention schedule to distract myself.

Denise, however, was all primed for her next climax. She went into it with a flamboyant flailing of limbs and happy cries. I kept her speared to the bed as her orgasmic fit crested.

Again, she fell briefly limp, but she roused as I unslotted myself and urged her up and over onto her hands and knees. I moved in behind her, eager to fuck my way to my own long-building climax. I laid

my hands on her plush ass and drove my cock into her from behind. She groaned as I speared her.

I was facing into the laptop's screen on the desk. Wendy looked as though she was thoroughly enjoying the show. When I'd first turned on the computer, she had been wearing a blouse. Now that was gone, and I could see her awesome tits. She had a hand on one of her breasts, kneading frantically, while the other was below, out of view of her computer's camera. I could tell by the way she jerked that she was fingering her pussy as she watched us. She had to be. Man, that was hot!

I fucked Denise doggy-style, and her body rippled every time I jammed my dick into her. She, too, could see Wendy, and I could only imagine how my wife's video presence in the room further excited her. Certainly her quaking, bucking body told me she was having a good time.

I was right there with her as I hammered her pussy. My balls tightened and a strangled pleasure shot up through me as my come filled her, making a sloppy mess in her cunt.

Wendy, too, joined in the orgasmic

moment. Back home, she jumped up from her chair, putting her pussy at camera level. I saw the two fingers she had jammed up into herself. Her body shook, and she cried out before collapsing back into the seat.

Wendy and I grinned at each other. Now we had all 50 states.

—S.K., via email

📞 ORDERING IN

My girlfriend, Letitia, was so amused she was practically cackling. The waiter was staring at me, and I couldn't help staring right back. He had just asked if we needed anything else.

"No. Just—"

"Your number," Letitia interrupted. "She'll take your number"

He gave me an appraising look, and I felt a flush spread from my cheeks to my chest to my pussy. Letitia was having a grand old time.

"Is that so?"

I shrugged, not missing the fact that his gaze had settled on my cleavage. "I mean, I wouldn't turn it down," I said, doing my best flirty voice.

He held out his hand, and I stared at it.

"Give him your phone," Letitia said, rolling her eyes.

"Oh!" I handed it over, and he tapped rapidly on the screen and then handed it back.

"Jackson," he said.

I nodded. I'd already known that. His name tag was prominent. "I'll call you, Jackson," I said.

He winked and wandered off.

"Give that man a tip and a half just for that cute butt!" Letitia whispered, plenty loud enough for him to hear as he retreated.

My phone buzzed, and she giggled a second before I asked, "Is that you? Did you take his picture or something?"



"You know me too well. I was super slick, though, right? You didn't even know." I shook my head. "No, I didn't know."

"You gonna tell Logan?"

I nodded. "Of course I am."

"Man, how'd you luck out like this? You get a smoking-hot husband, and he likes sharing you with other men. Lord."

I grinned. "Just lucky, I guess."

The night of my date with the waiter, Logan asked, "Now who is this charming gentleman who's going to fuck my wife?"

I hadn't shown him the picture yet. He knew I had one, but I was making him wait until the last minute.

Shortly after we'd exchanged numbers, I'd called Jackson and explained my situation: That I had a husband, but we were in an open marriage. I felt it only fair he be informed. He was fine with our arrangement and asked me out for drinks. I was currently in a black wrap dress and tall black boots. Minimal makeup with bright red fuck-me lipstick.

Logan grabbed me around the middle and pulled me back against him. I could feel his hard-on pressing against my ass.

"The picture. Show me," he whispered demanding in my ear. It made the hair on the back of my neck stand on end and my scalp prickle. Beneath the bodice of my dress my nipples spiked.

I pulled out my phone and found the picture. "Here he is."

He looked over my shoulder, still trapping me close to his body, his hard cock still nudging my ass. "Hmm. He looks like a strapping young lad. I think your pussy is in for a full-throttle workout." Then he grabbed my mound through my dress and squeezed.

The rude gesture made me wet. I was going to be soaked before I even got to my date.

When I finally left the house, my cunt was thumping along with my heart. Logan had pinned me to the wall and whispered in my ear, telling me to be ready for round two when I got home.

The idea of being fucked by Jackson,



"HE PLUNGED A FINGER INSIDE ME AND THEN DREW MY OWN WETNESS ACROSS MY CLIT."

and then immediately being taken by my husband, made my head buzz with anticipation.

When I arrived at the bar, Jackson was waiting in the vestibule. The wind snatched the door out of my hand and blew my dress up around my thighs. "Hi," I said, looking up at him.

"Hi."

God, he was even more handsome than I remembered.

We sat at the bar and sipped our drinks, but I wasn't interested in a second round.

"Can I ask you question?"

"Sure," Jackson said. "What?"

"Can we get to the fucking part now?"

He blinked at me and then grinned.

"Sure, do you want to ride with me or follow me? I'm about 15 minutes from here."

"I'll follow you," I said. Then I stood on my tiptoes and kissed him.

He parted his lips, then slipped his

tongue into my mouth. Then he flicked his rigid tongue tip against my Cupid's bow, almost like he was showing me what he could do to my pussy. A sigh slipped out of me.

"Let's go," Jackson said. He yanked me against him briefly and ran his teeth down the side of my throat until I shivered. His erection pressed against me, stiff and tempting.

He released me from his embrace and headed out the door. I followed close on his heels as the wind swirled, and my thigh-high stockings did little to protect me from the cold.

His apartment was ground level, and the moment we entered, he said, "I like this dress, but I'll like it even better on the floor."

I watched as he tugged at the belt. The garment fell open instantly and hung there. That's the beauty of a wrap dress—you get to the sex faster.

He traced the lace of my bra and then tugged the cups down. His lips and teeth and tongue were on me all at once. His hand slipped inside my panties and found me wet. He plunged a finger inside me and then drew my own wetness across my clit, painting tiny circles that made my toes curl in my boots.

"Take off the dress."

I shrugged it off, and it hit the floor.

He smiled, pulled off my bra and then said of my panties, "Careful now, we're going to take these off, but you are going to leave those hose and boots on."

I nodded and watched as he made it so.

LETTERS

▷ OPEN SEASON

He held me steady as he slid my undies down and off. I stepped out of them a moment later.

He pushed my thighs wide and put his mouth on me. He recreated what he'd done to my lips, flicking his tongue against my clit. Pleasure swirled through me, and I thrust my hips toward his face, eager for more.

He responded, slipping his finger inside me and plunging it deep, while flicking and licking me with his tongue.

My knees felt like they'd buckle, and I grabbed handfuls of his dark blond hair. I wasn't shy. I ground my pussy against him, and as I came I pulled his hair hard enough to make him gasp.

He stood, kissing me roughly and tugging my hair. He yanked my head back and bared my neck, nipping me just above my collarbone.

I could see the desperation in his eyes and knew he needed to get off. I dropped to my knees as he worked his belt buckle open.

He unfastened his pants and pushed them down as he toed off his shoes. Once he was totally naked, he grabbed my hair

again. Then I was sliding my mouth down his shaft. I tickled his balls and let him push the back of my head forward. His cock slowly slid into my relaxed throat.

"Holy shit," he muttered.

I hummed, sucking him faster and faster. His cock was wet with my spit, my fist following behind my mouth to stroke him.

He pulled free of me with a cry and held out a hand to help me up. Then we moved to the sofa together. I sat on the edge of the cushion with my knees bent and my thighs wide. He knelt before me,

**"I LOST IT,
SHOOTING MY
SPUNK UP INTO
HER, SEALING MY
FANTASY OF
THIS WOMAN."**

held my knees and slid into me, watching his cock enter me.

"You're so fucking tight," he muttered.

I studied his face as he rocked his dick in and out of me. He pumped steadily, his dark eyes intense.

He stroked my tits as he fucked me, keeping his eyes locked on where we were joined. He thrust into me hard and deep, and I met every one of his motions. I clenched my pussy tight around him, while he pinched my nipples. Jackson chuckled when I gasped, and then his thumb was on my clit, swirling and nudging me closer to coming.

I clenched around him again, and he swore. I liked that. I was getting to him.

His thumb kept pressing my clit, stroking me blissfully. A surge of warmth swept through me, and I cried out, coming hard as pleasure wracked my body.

"Nice," he said, appreciating my undulating body, then he moved me—manhandled me really—turning me onto my belly on the sectional. I shivered in arousal.

I like a man who can manipulate me, make me his puppet, his bendable poseable girl.

I was on my knees and belly on the cushion, with his hand pressed against my lower back. He slid his cock into me slowly and then grabbed my hips hard. His fingers bit into my flesh as he thrust deep, fully penetrating me with each steady stroke of his staff. The goodness was breathtaking.

I moved back to meet him, but my motions were controlled. I found myself chanting as he slid out of me and then slid back in with great care.

"Again...again...again."

"Again?" he whispered, laughing softly.

"Yes," I said insistently.

He pulled out of me briefly to scoop up some pussy juice and then jammed his cock back into my cunt before working his thumb into my back hole. I groaned and tried to keep my body still. I wanted the luscious, slow fuck to continue. I didn't want to distract him



from his task. But I needed more.

I rocked backward, and with his digit in my back hole and his fat cock in my cunt, the sense of fullness was amazing and soon pushed me over the edge.

I came, sobbing into the couch cushion. He made a sound that was a half laugh, half snarl, and his fingers sank deeper into my flesh. Then he really pounded me, taking the brakes off and fucking me as hard and fast as he needed. I took it, slamming my body back to take his. He pulled out of me suddenly, and I heard the rasp of his hand jerking his cock and then felt the warm splash of him painting my back with his come.

Afterward, we had a couple of drinks and some small talk before making plans to meet again. We'd been good together; he was a promising new playmate.

Once I was in the car, I called Logan.

"Are you wet?"

"Soaked," I said.

"Was he good?"

"Hell, yeah."

I put the car in gear and put him on speakerphone.

"Are you ready for me to fuck you?"

"Very," I replied.

"Good—then hurry home."

I did, and he did. And it was great.

—C.K., via email

❶ BIRD-DOGGING

When my girlfriend and I moved in together 10 years ago, we both agreed that monogamy was for the birds—literally. She's an ornithologist and says that many bird species mate for life.

We are very much in love and share many common interests, but have an understanding that sometimes we might want to sample other goods. We also like to travel, but not always together. I think separate expeditions

have kept our relationship strong.

For instance, she is frequently going off to academic conferences or on a trip to a country I've never heard of to watch some grackle in its native habitat. That's great for her, but it would be deadly boring for me. Similarly, I love contemporary music. I was a DJ for my college radio station and have amassed a huge library of sound. I like to go to music festivals that she would hate. She favors classical music.

Now, neither of us goes on these excursions with the intention of philandering, still I've noticed how she can come back from a stuffy conference on bird migration with a rosy glow in her cheeks. Apparently, ornithologists are very horny and kinky. On occasion, I have scored at music festivals. My girlfriend and I have a "don't ask, don't tell" policy, which I think reduces the jealousy factor.

Last spring I packed up for a weekend in the desert, to attend a festival, of course. That year's concert had a lot of artists I wanted to see. I always discover new bands that become favorites, too. I was excited for the music, but as usual I would be going there alone.

That particular festival allowed camping, so I brought my tent and a bunch of food, supplies and gear, which included a second sleeping bag. I like to use it as extra padding even though I can do without. But why rough it?

It can get pretty fucking hot in the desert, so once there, I slathered myself in sunscreen, took a refillable water bottle and put on a hat before heading in.

Like many big festivals, there are several different venues. I consulted my schedule and headed for the place I wanted to be. I was having a good time and keeping hydrated. I was especially enjoying the vibe of people much younger than me—I'm in my 30s, but felt much older. Occasionally I even caught a glimpse of female nipple when a girl decided to flash the crowd.

It was getting on twilight when I noticed a girl standing next to me. She was lost in the moment, swaying to the music and snapping her fingers. I thought she was a stunning California blonde. That is, until she spoke, and revealed one of the strongest Boston accents I've ever heard. But it didn't diminish her beauty one bit.

"Hi!" she said cheerfully. "Are you having a good time?"

Without thinking too much I said, "I'm having a much better time now."

She laughed appreciatively and extended her hand. "I'm Lily, all the way from Boston."

I told her my name and said, "That's a long trip."

"Wicked long," she said. "But I always come here. Well, for the last three. I love it. It's the highlight of my year."



LETTERS

▷ OPEN SEASON

I couldn't help but notice she wasn't with anyone, so I asked, "Are you here with friends or a boyfriend?"

She frowned. "My boyfriend dumped me just a few days ago. He decided he didn't want to come. So I'm here by myself!"

I told her I was there alone, too, though I didn't mention I had a girlfriend back home. We continued to watch the bands, moving around the venue, enjoying one another's company. When the shows ended for the night, I told her I was going back to my camping spot. "Where are you staying?" I asked her, wondering where this was going.

Lily got a strange look on her face. "Well, I don't really have a place to stay. We originally made a hotel reservation, but it was in my boyfriend's name. He canceled it, so I was going to sleep in my rental car."

I felt like a beam of light came down out of the heavens and a choir of angels sang hallelujah. Trying not to stammer, I said, "My tent is big enough for four people. You want to share?"

Lily hesitated, and I'm sure she was

sizing me up. "Okay, I guess that would be fine," she said cautiously.

We made the long hike to her rental car to get her things—even going to a rustic concert a woman can carry a lot of stuff—and then continued hiking to my campsite. They don't allow any open flames, but I had some sandwiches in a cooler and shared one with Lily. She was yawning a lot, and I suggested we turn in. "Okay," she agreed, asking me to step outside while she changed into her sleeping gear, which turned out to be a T-shirt and shorts.

When I returned to the tent, there was just enough moonlight streaming in that I could sort of see the outline of her resting on my second sleeping bag, which I let her borrow.

"God, I've been on my feet all day," I said. I just collapsed on my sleeping bag.

"I know, my feet are killing me," Lily concurred.

I paused a moment and, risking her running for the hills, asked, "Would you like a foot rub?"

I'm very much into feet, and I know that my girlfriend loves foot rubs, and

they don't necessarily have to be sexual—though eventually they often are.

There was a long pause. At first I thought she might have drifted off to sleep, but after what seemed like an eternity, she said, "Okay."

I sat up. I couldn't see much of anything, and though I would've liked to have switched on a lantern I thought that would've seemed forward. She stuck a foot in my direction, and I cradled it in my hands. From what I could tell, it was rather large but very smooth, with no ragged nails. She took care of her feet.

I began massaging the sole and the ball of her foot, and she groaned in appreciation. I pulled on each toe individually, and she purred like a contented cat. It was all I could do to not bring her foot to my face and suck on her big toe. After a few minutes, I switched to the other foot, and when I was done she thanked me profusely, and within seconds had fallen asleep.

Although nothing else happened, I was pleased with the turn of events and went to sleep. Before long, I was having a dream where my girlfriend was sucking my cock. Something roused me from my slumber, and I realized that I was actually receiving a blowjob. Lily was sucking my dick!

It was dawn, but still fairly dark in the tent. Lily realized I was awake and paused just long enough to say, "Good morning."

She turned on the electric lantern, and I saw that she was buck naked. Her body was amazing, with hefty tits and long legs. She pulled my pants all the way off to get better access to my groin. She began to pump my cock while licking and sucking my balls.

Now it was my turn to lay back and enjoy. She took one of my hands and pressed it against a tit, and I got the message and began massaging her. The other hand also joined in, and she straddled me and popped my cock into her pussy, which was already wet.

Slowly and rhythmically Lily fucked





me, pushing her hips down on my cock. I was as hard as steel and pinched her nipples, which she acknowledged with lusty grunts.

"I like it rough," she said, so I squeezed harder and she gasped with delight.

We switched positions so she was on her stomach, and I was behind her. She raised her ass enough for me to insert my aching erection in her cunt and begin pounding her. I was getting close to coming and she said, "Squirt it on my ass."

I didn't want to spoil the possibility of more fun to come, so when I was ready to blow, I pulled out and deposited my load on her shapely butt. I've never seen a more beautiful sight.

Lily reached back and rubbed my jism into her rear end, and then she licked her fingers clean. Little did I know that I had discovered a sexual dynamo. She rolled over and spread her luscious legs wide. Her pussy was waiting for my attention, and I dove right in. I teased her a bit by kissing around her opening, but she grabbed the back of my head and pressed my face into her cunt.

"Eat me, damn it!" she demanded.

I licked her leaking pussy and added a finger. I concentrated on her clit while finger-banging her, and she lifted her hips and started wailing out a loud moan. I was sure we'd awakened the entire

"SLOWLY AND RHYTHMICALLY LILY FUCKED ME, PUSHING HER HIPS DOWN ON MY COCK."

campground when she came.

We pulled ourselves together and grabbed some clothes so we could walk over to the showers. We went in together—if anybody saw us, I doubt it would have raised an eyebrow—and made out under the spray. My dick got hard again, and she dropped to her knees and sucked me some more.

When the concert began for the day, we went for about an hour, but we couldn't keep our hands off each other. We both agreed to go back to the tent and reasoned we could see that singer anytime, but we only had a day left together. The campground was pretty much empty so we climbed inside the tent, stripped down and began fucking. I wanted to take her missionary-style, looking into her beautiful blue eyes.

She wrapped her legs around me and squeezed, and raked her fingers up and down my back. When she said she liked it rough, she wasn't kidding.

I came inside her, and she stuck fingers inside her pussy and pulled my load out, again tasting it.

"Your come is so sweet," she said, smiling, as if she had just said I made a good cup of coffee.

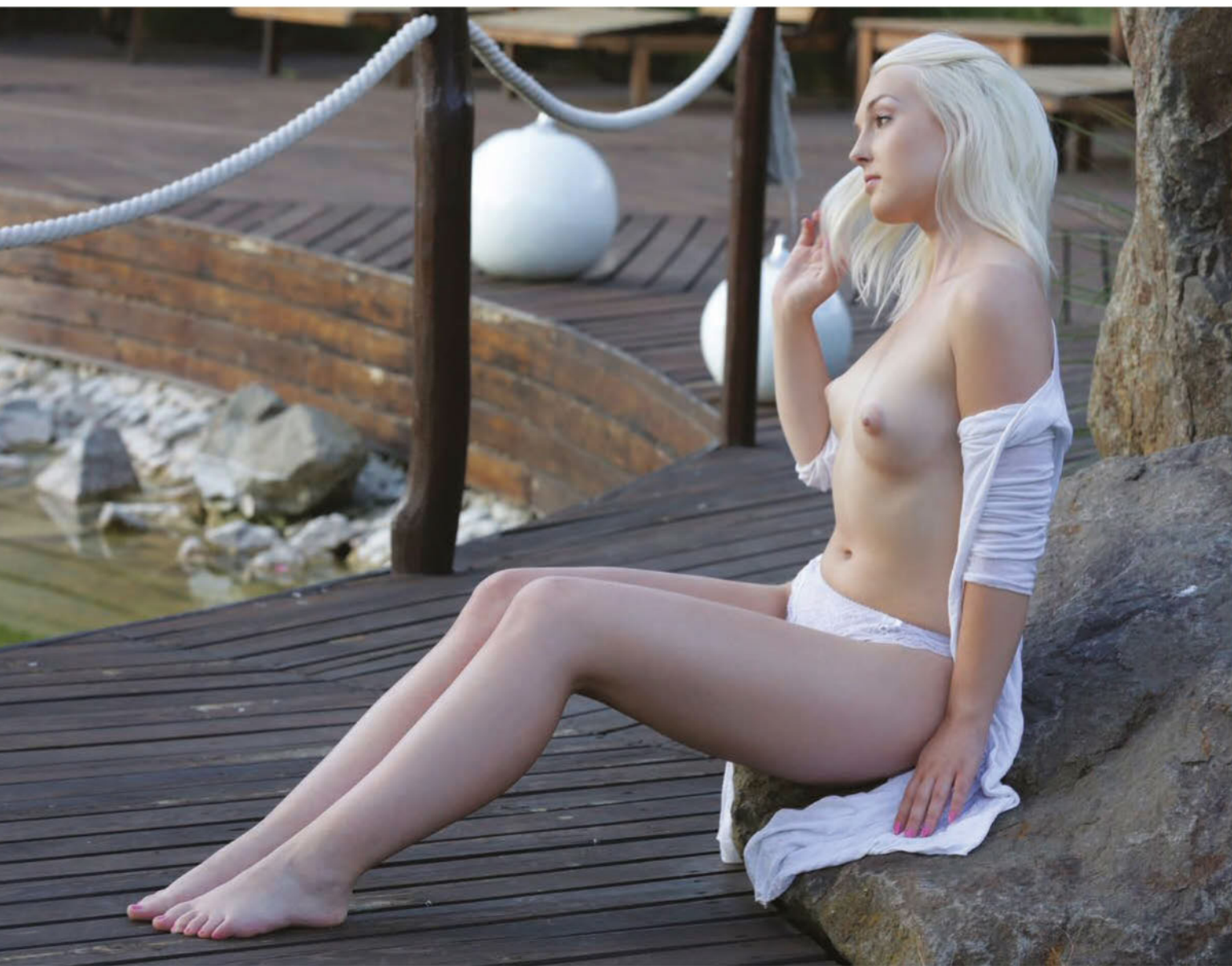
We spent the rest of the day and night fucking in every position possible. My cock was raw by the time we were done, and she had to take some ice out of the cooler, wrap it in a paper towel and press it against her well-used cunt.

Lily and I parted ways, knowing we would never see each other again. I drove home with the smell of her pussy on my hands. When I got back to the house my girlfriend was there to greet me. She took one look at me and said, "You look well fucked."

I winked at her and said, "I have no comment."

—C.G., via email

Is your relationship open? Since you like to share, why not share your story? Mail your tale to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department OS, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.



BLONDE AMBITION

LOVITA LIKES EXPERIENCED OLDER MEN,
WHO CAN SHOW HER THE ROPES.

















“I GO WILD FOR MY SILVER FOX.
HE’S A REAL SEXY BEAST.”

—LOVITA





❶ FRONT & BACK

When I told Denny I wanted to have a threeway, his eyes lit up. Then I told him I wanted it with two guys. He looked lost after that.

I'd had this same struggle with my other boyfriend, Gary, the previous night, and I could see I was going to have to fight it out all over again. But I wanted this man/man/woman ménage so badly it made my pussy purr. It was a longstanding fantasy of mine. Now I had two hot guys I was seeing. I just had to get them into the same bed at the same time.

"But," Denny said uncomfortably, "I've never done, y'know, sex with another man."

"I'm not asking you to do a dude," I said. "I want you and another guy to fuck me—just me."

I went on to remind Denny of the "traditional" threesomes I'd had with him and other girls. I had sucked pussy while he'd pounded me from behind. I'd had another chick's tongue buried deep in

my snizz while Denny fucked the other woman's cunt.

I had enjoyed those experiences. I'd had the same kind of three-way fun with Gary and other women. Now I wanted something where I was the star of the wild sex show, the prime focus of attention.

After hemming and hawing, Denny said, "You want this with me and that bartender you're seeing?"

"Gary. Yes. I'd like it if we could meet tomorrow night, for a drink. If you two decide you can't go through with it..." I shrugged to hide my potential disappointment. This had to happen!

I didn't figure there would be any macho bullshit between Denny and Gary when they met for the first time. They knew about each other, and I wouldn't have been involved with any guy whose go-to emotion was jealousy.

When we all met up at a bar, the two men shook hands in a cordial way. Side by side, I could see how alike they were. Both were handsome—and intelligent. And I certainly knew how good each was in bed.

As we sat over cocktails, Denny

suddenly asked Gary, "Have you ever done anything sexual with a guy? I'm not being a smart-ass, I'm just wondering."

Gary didn't look offended. "No, I haven't. I'm not even sure I've been naked in front of another guy, aside from being in a locker room."

I leaned forward between them, my tits nearly tumbling out of the top of my low-cut dress. My body was buzzing with anticipation.

"Well, do either of you have a problem with seeing *me* naked tonight?"

This was the deciding moment. Gary and Denny looked across the table at each other. They grinned at the same time. In my head, bells of joy started ringing. We headed back to my place.

They conferred in whispering voices in the other room as I went into the bedroom. The fabric of my dress caressed my sensitive skin as I slipped it off. My nipples were hard enough to cut glass, and my pussy was already damp. The night felt alive with expectations.

I lay down on the big bed and called out to my two lovers. Years of overheated sexual fantasies flourished in my brain. I wanted to feel those two strong masculine bodies pressing on me. I wanted those two cocks inside me.

Denny and Gary entered, but they were both still dressed. Frustration stabbed me as I grew fearful my dream was going to crap out at the last minute.

But then Gary said, "We thought maybe you'd like to start with a massage."

"From both of us," Denny added.

I liked the idea, so I turned over and buried my face in a pillow. There was a bottle of massage oil on my nightstand, as both men knew. A moment later I felt their hands on my naked flesh. Someone was working my shoulders and back; somebody else was kneading my thighs and calves. I didn't know who was doing what, and I liked that sensual confusion.

Solid fingers pressed gently into my muscles. Tensions I'd barely been aware



of began to melt away. I floated dreamily, eyes closed as their hands roamed my body. I felt their touch on my ass, and I sighed luxuriantly. Distantly, I heard the rustle of clothing.

Sexual arousal stayed with me, but in a soft dreamlike way. I realized I was being eased over onto my back. My eyelids drifted open, then sprang wide. Gary and Denny were standing over the bed. Both men were naked and sporting impressive hard-ons.

Their hands continued to caress my body. They massaged my tits, one with each man's hand. Their fingers dipped together between my legs. I spread my thighs and gasped when I felt their fingertips brushing my pussy lips. They continued squeezing my tits while their digits plunged inside me, grazing my clit and fanning the flames of my lust.

They stroked my swelling bud of joy, still working in unison. This time, though, I didn't slip into a stupor. My whole being hummed with energy, and my hips bucked as they finger-fucked me.

With a cry of pleasure, I came in a rush. My orgasm was intense, like little supernovas exploding all up and down my body. At the same instant I reached out and grasped the two cocks, on either side of me.

They throbbed in my fists, and their velvet-smooth textures were so similar. Gently tugging on their boners, I drew the two men up onto the bed. They knelt on either side of my head.

I turned and licked Gary's cockhead, tasting the bitter sting of pre-come. I swallowed the crown whole after that, sealing my lips around his delicious bulb. Gary groaned, and I slid my mouth farther down the shaft, letting my tongue wriggle over him.

Pulling off him after a minute, I turned to Denny's member, which I still held in my hand. I swirled his knob with my tongue, then studiously sucked my way down to the root of his yummy staff. I felt his balls against my chin. He, too,



“MY NIPPLES WERE HARD ENOUGH TO CUT GLASS, AND MY PUSSY WAS ALREADY DAMP.”

responded with a moan of pleasure.

At that moment only those two hard-ons mattered to me. The flavors of those cocks, subtly distinct, filled my mouth and throat. But then the men shifted on the bed. Gary's thick shoulders pressed my inner thighs farther apart, and his mouth touched my streaming pussy.

Gary's tongue nudged into me and then traveled upward, teasing and stroking my clit. Heavy pleasure gathered slowly in me; his tongue was in no hurry. He worked my pussy like a painter daubing out a masterpiece.

Gary's head rose, and I heard him panting for breath. A few seconds later, Denny took his place. The mouth

may have been different, but it was just as skilled.

Gary, his lips shiny with my juices, grinned at me as my mind grew hazy with lust.

Denny slurped and snuffled, being more aggressive in his oral technique. That suited me fine. I lifted my hips and humped hard on his face. The slow-building bliss reached its crescendo, and I came with a wail of delight.

In some of my fantasies of this scenario, I had directed my two male lovers in their actions, and they had obediently jumped through hoops to do my bidding. But reality was much better. Denny and Gary operated with the same cooperative proficiency as in the threeways I'd had with them and their other girlfriends. If they had any lingering misgivings, neither of them showed it. In fact, a couple times I noticed them each furtively eyeing the other.

But I remained the center of attention, which was glorious. The two men, faces wet with my honey, lay down now on either side of me. I kissed each on his mouth, tasting myself. Their strong hands touched me again, stroking and caressing.

Working together, they turned me up onto one hip. I realized I'd barely had to

LETTERS

↘ THREE FOR ALL

move myself the entire night. I was their love slave, pliant and compliant.

Lying then on my side, Denny was behind me, with Gary in front. I felt Denny's cock sliding between my ass cheeks. There was enough residual massage oil slickening my crack to lube up his cock. Meanwhile, Gary was rubbing his swollen cockhead against my sopping pussy lips.

Yes. Yes! Two cocks at once! I almost shouted it out loud, but words weren't necessary at that point. My men understood what I wanted, and they wanted to give it to me.

Gary entered me first. His familiar girth and length were easily accommodated by my pussy. Pleasure rolled through me at his ingress, and I rested my face against his firm chest.

Denny's cockhead pressed against my butt hole. I was no stranger to anal. I loved it. But I'd obviously never had a man's cock in my ass while another's was in my pussy. A tiny tickle of fear went through me, but it was instantly overwhelmed by desire. The ultimate fulfillment of my desperate fantasies

was imminent. I was thrilled.

Denny pushed slowly up into me. His lubed cock gradually filled my back channel. With Gary already inside me, the sensation was incredibly intensified. I felt crammed with cock—because I was!

"I can feel him," I heard Gary say. "Against my dick..." Wonder filled his voice.

I could feel him, too. I felt both of them. I reached behind, grabbed hold of Denny's hip, and pulled. He jammed himself deep into my ass, and this time I did speak: "Yeah! Fuck yeah! Fuck me—both of you!"

That set them off like thoroughbreds out of the starting gate. The two men started plowing my pussy and ass, causing a fierce ecstasy to race over every inch of my flesh. I cried out, a long drawn-out sound of jubilation that never seemed to end.

They worked in tandem, each cock reaming me forcefully. I was jostled and mashed between the two powerful bodies, feeling equal parts joyful and helpless. When rapture hit, it was like

nothing I'd felt before. They erupted within seconds of each other, and their gushing come carried me away in a torrent of satisfaction.

—K.O., via email

📌 MODEL EMPLOYEE

My employers are really weird people, and I work in a very weird place. But I love it. Paul is a carpenter, and Janice, his wife, is the one who designs the things he builds. Together, they run a store selling their funky, amazing, handmade stuff. I am their only employee.

The "center office" got its name because it sits directly in the middle of the store. It is built entirely of doors. It sits on what's effectively a wooden deck that holds displays on two sides. It's circular. Like some kind of circus tent in the middle of all the craziness.

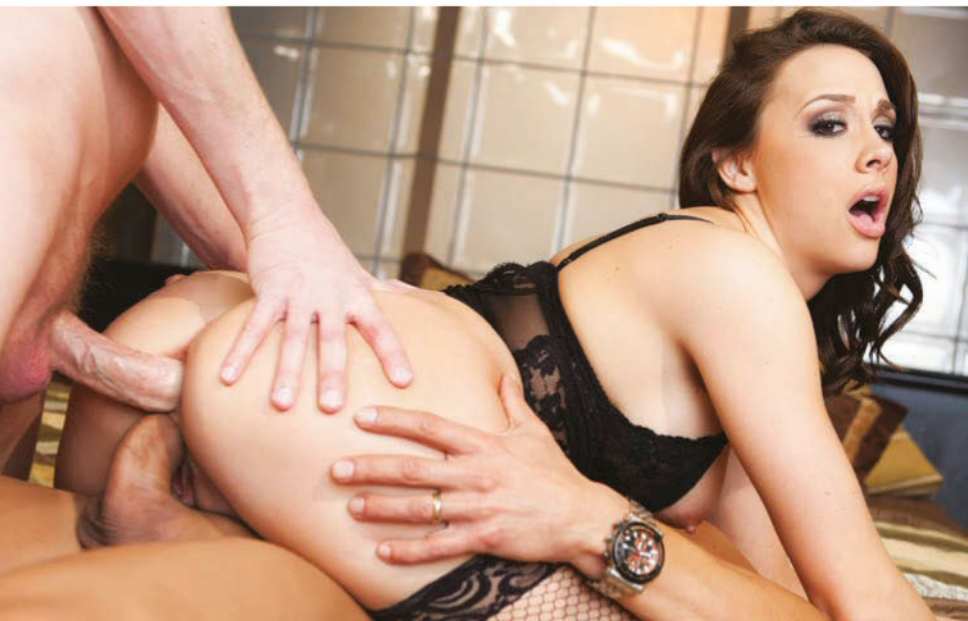
I told you it was weird.

One day we were dealing with appointment-only customers, people interested in hiring Paul to do big woodworking projects. They were scheduled to arrive at two—hours away—so I'd planned to spend the morning dusting displays and demos and cleaning up. The front doors were locked, giving us some peace and quiet while we prepped for our clients. While I was looking over the showroom, I decided one of his intricate bookcases needed some polish, so I headed to the center office for supplies.

I opened the only door that actually functioned to enter the space and found Paul eating Janice's pussy.

She was splayed across his desk, and her shirt was hiked up. Her fingers were working her own nipples as she thrust her hips toward his face.

I was so surprised I froze. When Paul looked up and grinned at me, I thought



I'd die. I prayed the floor would open up and swallow me.

But then he winked at me and said, "Come on in."

Janice smiled, too. "Would you like to join us? My husband's a champion pussy-eater."

I blinked, unsure of what to say—until I realized how wet my pussy felt. Paul was an attractive man, Janice wasn't anything to sneeze at either, and seeing him eat her out had embarrassed me, but it turned me on, too.

Plus, I am curious by nature.

I found my voice and said softly, "Sure."

Paul waved me over and said, "Take your clothes off." Then he went back to eating his wife's cunt while I watched.

She came with an unashamed moan, and he pulled away from her with a look of accomplishment pinned to his features. The small office smelled like sex—in a good way.

"Can I interest you in the same treatment?"

I nodded. I couldn't say no after seeing that!

"You don't mind straddling him, do you? So, I can suck his dick while he eats you?" Janice spoke nonchalantly, and I started laughing at the situation.

She smiled at me, and I finally managed to utter a shy, "No, I don't mind at all."

"Good."

Paul sprawled his big frame out on the bright rag rug, and Janice began to strip off his pants. I stood there, naked, waiting for them to be ready for me. I admired her heart-shaped ass as she attended to him. His cock came free—big, hard and flushed. A ripple of arousal coursed through me. The whole scene was strange for sure, but I was turned on all the same.

"Don't be shy," he said. "Get your sweet ass over here. I've been wondering what you taste like for months. I can't wait any longer."



"THE WHOLE SCENE WAS STRANGE FOR SURE, BUT I WAS TURNED ON ALL THE SAME."

I felt heat rise in my cheeks, and I hurried over. He held out his hand and I took it, maneuvering myself over his face so I could see Janice work. Paul's beard tickled the inside of my thighs, and I laughed. Then I watched as Janice pushed her lips down his shaft. She kept her eyes on me the whole time, and at the exact moment her mouth reached the base of his cock, his tongue found my clit. I lurched a little, but he'd reached up and wrapped his arms around me to anchor me.

I lowered myself just a bit to give him better access and was rewarded with

wet, warm laps of his strong tongue. He traced every nook and cranny of me, but after his first thrilling lick he deliberately avoided my clit. I thought I'd cry.

"Jesus Christ," I whispered in frustration, and then his tongue hit the bull's-eye again, and I groaned.

"Is he teasing you?" Janice asked before licking the tip of his dick like a lollipop.

I could only nod because Paul was no longer teasing me. He was pushing me closer to a staggering orgasm—fast.

He held me tight as my thighs started to tremble. He dipped his tongue into my cunt and fucked me gently with it, then went back to swirling it around my thumping clit. All the while, Janice sucked him like the action could save her life.

Paul started thrusting up toward her face, and she backed off a bit.

"I want to save that for you," she said, gesturing toward his erection. She used her hand to jack his cock, making him groan helplessly against my pussy. The vibration of his voice added a whole new layer to my pleasure. "Oh, don't complain," Janice said to him. "You'll thank me when you're plunging

LETTERS

▷ THREE FOR ALL

balls-deep inside her cunt."

Paul chuckled, still darting his tongue around my snatch. I sank down a bit more, my thighs exhausted. The move increased the pressure against my clit, and I came loud and long.

I moved off Paul's face and sat, catching my breath.

"Now about plunging balls-deep into our beloved employee," he said, stroking his wet beard.

"Over the desk, sweetie," Janice said, patting her hand against the smooth wood.

My nipples grew hard and sensitive from being ordered around sexually by my bosses. I'd never thought anything like that could happen to me.

She helped me position myself across the desk with my ass high. The desktop was narrow enough that my feet were on the floor and my face was on the opposite edge. Janice walked to that edge, and I found myself face-to-pussy with her.

"Have you ever?" she started.

"No," I said.

"You don't have to."

I looked up at her just as I felt Paul

take my ass cheeks in his big hands. He squeezed and kneaded, and I felt my cunt growing wetter under his touch.

"I want to," I whispered.

She moved closer to me so that I could smell her heady scent. I could see her swollen sex. Her bush was clipped very short. Not bare, but close. I inhaled the scent of her and then groaned when Paul pushed a finger inside my cunt. He drove it in and out. I was so wet I could hear every entry and withdrawal.

I tentatively lapped at Janice and tasted salt and musk and skin. She

encouraged me and nudged herself a bit closer, giving me better access. Her fingers threaded in my hair, holding my head but not forcing my movement.

I whimpered against her wet flesh as Paul pressed his cockhead to my cunt. He nudged forward, entering me just a little at a time and then drawing himself out so slowly my head felt like it was swimming. Suddenly, he was teasing again.

I kept swirling my tongue around the clit in front of my face, and then I flicked at it, running on instinct and hoping I was doing it well. Apparently, I was because her hand tightened in my hair and she thrust her hips forward so my mouth was mashed against her pussy. I sucked her clit and heard her grunt appreciatively.

Her noises and actions made me more eager. I upped my game, increasing my speed and pressure. She began to moan and sigh with more enthusiasm.

My hands were at my sides, and Paul gathered them together, holding them at the small of my back as he started to fuck me harder. His frantic pounding stole my breath, but I kept licking Janice's snatch, tracing spirals and circles on her clitoris with my tongue.

She pulled my hair a little, and I winced but kept at it. Her desperation made me wonder if she'd come soon.

"Oh, fuck her harder, baby," she begged.

He did. He banged into me, raising me on my tiptoes with every inward thrust as I continued to suck his wife's clit. Janice rammed her cunt even harder against my mouth and announced, "So fucking close. I'm so close."

I heard Paul grunt behind me. He was doing what he wanted, what he needed, taking his pleasure as he chased his own orgasm.

I continued to suck Janice. Using her fingers, she pulled her pussy open

**"PAUL WAS NO
LONGER TEASING
ME. HE WAS
PUSHING ME
CLOSER TO
ORGASM—FAST."**



a little more for me, exposing her clit to a direct attack from my tongue. Meanwhile, Paul grabbed my hips hard and pulled me back against him every time he drove into me.

Janice was muttering as she clutched my hair. I could tell she was trying to restrain herself and not pull too hard.

"Come, baby. Let her do it," Paul said. His breath was short, his voice rough. I felt the rhythm of his thrusts become irregular, and I vaguely wondered if he was going to climax soon.

Paul banged me savagely. I whimpered against his wife. She was still pushing her pussy toward my mouth relentlessly. She was really wet, but her clit was also pretty swollen, making it an easy target.

"You can do it baby. Let go." He grabbed my ass cheeks hard, digging in with his short nails. I didn't even have the time to be startled because it felt so good.

"I'm coming. I'm coming," Janice said, practically screaming the words. The force of her reaction thrilled me, making my insides light up. Paul thrust once more deep and hard, finally relaxing his grip on my cheeks.

Then I felt him pull free. He shot all over my ass a few moments later as Janice said, "Look at you go, baby."

I was laughing by then.

My boss dragged her fingers gently through my hair. "What's so funny, you?"

"Well, I really only came in for polish," I said.

"I guess you were surprised to find me polishing off Janice," Paul quipped.

I nodded as I got up and put myself back together.

"But seriously," Paul said, "we all need to freshen up. We have clients coming. Gotta sell some furniture. It can't be all fun and games." He winked at me again, and I snickered.

-Name and address withheld



THE GIFT

I love the letters in your magazine where spouses give the gift of threesomes to their partners. Usually it's a woman inviting another woman into bed for her husband. But my situation was a little different. For Valentine's Day, I invited a man into my lesbian marital bed.

I am totally gay and have never been interested in men. But my wife, Stella, identifies as bisexual. She's had many liaisons with men, but since we've been together she's been monogamous. But I can tell she's missed getting dick. When we see a really good-looking guy walk by she'll stare, though she does her best to be discreet. And her favorite sex act is me fucking her with a strap-on. I had to face it, my girl still craved cock.

I'm not the jealous type and thought she might appreciate having some playtime with a guy. Some of my friends' threesomes ended up awkward because the wife got jealous of the other woman, but it wouldn't go that way with us. For me, it was all about Stella.

It didn't take much thinking for me to come up with the perfect guy: our neighbor Omar, who's constantly flirting

with us. Of course he knows we're married, but it's all in fun and not creepy at all. He's tall, dark and handsome, if you're into that. Of course, he's enraptured by Stella, who is a stunning femme. She's lean and lanky like a model and grew up in Europe, so she has a posh accent. I'm not quite as glam. I keep my hair short and spiky—right now it's dyed blonde—and I never wear dresses, skirts or high heels. Sneakers, jeans and T-shirts are my usual uniform.

While Stella was out running errands, I stopped by Omar's place. We're such close friends that we can drop in on each other without notice. He even keeps his apartment door unlocked during the day. I knocked and entered, finding him playing a video game in the living room. He waved hello, but kept his eyes locked on the screen. I had to wait until he killed some more mutants before he would talk to me.

"What's up?" he asked, after he'd advanced a round and saved his place.

"Would you like to fuck Stella?" I asked as he took a sip of soda.

He did one of the best spit-takes I've ever seen. Then he asked if it was April Fool's Day instead of Valentine's.

LETTERS

↘ THREE FOR ALL

**“IT WAS
FASCINATING TO
WATCH HIS COCK
SLIDE IN AND
OUT OF HER
GAPING PUSSY.”**



I told him, “No, this is for real. I want to give her a man for Valentine’s Day. I know you want to fuck her. I even think you want to fuck me—but that’s not happening. I’ll be there, but this is all about pleasing Stella.”

He didn’t have to think too hard. He didn’t have a steady girlfriend. I told him to make no Valentine’s plans.

“That’s not a problem,” he said dryly. “All that was on tap for me was beer.”

The day finally came. I told Stella I was making her a romantic dinner. I’m not much of a cook, but I did my best, getting candles, wineglasses and everything. After dinner we went to the sofa and started making out.

My tongue was tangling with Stella’s when Omar rang the bell, at precisely the time I’d requested. Stella broke off the kiss and asked, “Who could that be?”

“I’ll get it,” I said, jumping up.

I opened the door, and there he was.

“Hey, look, it’s Omar!” I exclaimed.

I invited him in, much to Stella’s confusion.

I knew Stella was attracted to Omar. In fact, I did a little work beforehand to confirm my hunch. I’d asked her which guy among the many we knew, she would most like to bone. She had said Omar, which sealed the deal for me. So when I led him into the living room, she started to piece things together.

“I have a Valentine’s surprise for you,” I

told her. “And here he is!”

She made a funny face and started to laugh but quickly realized I was serious. She adjusted her attitude. “Well, that’s awfully generous of you, Kristen. You, too, Omar.”

I said, “Just one catch. I want to be there. I want to watch him fuck you.”

Stella stood, walked up to me and planted a major kiss on my lips. She turned to Omar, who was standing frozen—as if waiting for instructions—and she gave him a kiss, too. Then she turned and walked to the bedroom. Omar and I followed her like a pair of puppies. She left a trail of items—shoes, skirt, blouse, panties—and we removed our clothes, too. We found her lying in bed, gloriously nude.

Omar and I climbed onto the mattress, he at the head of bed, me at the foot. He sucked on her nipples, while I hunkered down between her legs, licking her pussy to arousal while she hummed with pleasure.

I told Omar we should switch. He looked at me for a final confirmation that it was okay, and I signaled toward her pussy, urging him to go for it. I began kissing Stella, a passionate French kiss, the kind that makes my toes tingle and head spin. From how she responded, I could tell Omar was doing a good job down below with his tongue. The kiss was good, but she was clearly reacting to more.

I sat back to watch. Omar was very gently nibbling and lapping at her.

“She likes it rough,” I told him.

Omar looked a little surprised, but took my advice.

He sat up and placed his fingers in her pussy, looking directly at me as he finger-fucked my wife hard. He increased his speed, using the fingers of his other hand to diddle her clit, and Stella came, almost throwing both of us off the bed.

Omar didn’t wait for my approval to slip his cock inside her. Stella wrapped her legs around him, and I got on the end of the bed to get a look from behind. It was fascinating to watch his cock slide in and out of her gaping pussy.

The two of them switched positions. Then Stella was on top, thrusting down onto his cock. This gave me a chance to have some fun. I moved to her front so I could suck on and play with her nipples. She thanked me for my gift, and I stroked her long, beautiful hair as she rode him.

Finally, they switched to doggy-style. When I’ve fucked Stella with a strap-on, she always enjoyed that position the most. Thinking of that gave me an idea. I ducked into the closet as Omar fucked her from behind. He was sweaty and muscular, and I could see why Stella would be turned on. Remembering that she liked it rough, he gave her ass a smack every once and again, and they weren’t love taps, as I could see the palm

prints he left behind. He also tugged on her hair and talked dirty to her.

Before long, Omar's time had come, and he roared as he climaxed. Stella, for the first time in who knows how long, had a man nutting inside her. Omar fell off to the side and noticed I was wearing a strap-on.

"It's not for you," I said to him teasingly, and he laughed. I asked Omar if he could get it up again.

"If I get some help," he replied.

I got down on the bed. Stella was on one side of him, me on the other. Stella was a little wiped, but she did reach over and play with his balls. His cock slowly started to grow, and before long it was semi-hard. Stella took him in her hand and tugged on his shaft a few times. Then she licked up and down his length before inhaling his cock. She made a seal around it with her lips, gliding them up and down his stiffening erection as she continued fondling his balls.

Omar started groaning. She took his dick out of her mouth with a pop and offered it to me. I smiled and politely declined, so Stella went back to work. He jerked and moaned while she gave his rejuvenated dick an extensive tongue bath, getting him totally hard once more.

Now that he was raring to go again, I explained my plan. Stella and I had exchanged a sexual bucket list at one point in our relationship, and I knew for a fact she'd always wanted to be double-penetrated. No time like the present!

I asked her who should get her ass. My strap-on dildo was larger than his cock, so she chose him to take her backdoor. I reclined on the bed, and Stella straddled my dick, filling her pussy with the dildo. Omar got behind her, juiced up with plenty of lube, and worked his cock into her asshole.

Stella went into orbit, figuratively speaking. She trembled as she writhed on my silicone cock while Omar's fleshy pole invaded her asshole. She leaned forward, crushing her tits against mine,

as she let him pummel her backdoor.

My wife was helplessly lost in a whirlwind of pleasure. She dropped her full weight on me, but she's light enough that I could still thrust up into her easily. I rhythmically bucked my hips upward, spearing her sloppy pussy. Meanwhile, Omar rammed his dick in and out of her back hole. I rarely reamed her that way, so getting ass-fucked was rather novel to start with. But having a real, live dick in her asshole was tremendously kinky for her these days.

Since Omar had already come once, he had excellent staying power. I held Stella tightly, keeping her in place while I continued to pump my hips upward and Omar kept up his jackhammer-like actions. She started whimpering the way she does when a climax is starting to swell in her. If I had the room—and a free hand—I might have reached down and stroked her clit. But she seemed like she was having a good time anyway.

I kinda liked that she was limp and submissive between us, taking everything we had to give. It gave me a dirty thrill to know my pussy-eater was getting her

ass pounded by a dude. Omar sped up his pace and finally grunted as he shot off inside her butt. After he caught his breath, he thanked us for a good time, told us we could call him anytime and went home.

I'd rarely seen Stella so aroused and had a feeling we'd be inviting Omar back for more. I still wasn't interested in fucking him, but I was really interested in watching him screw my wife. Seeing him in action was even more of a turn-on than thinking about it.

Alone in bed, Stella and I ate each other to orgasm. We had some pillow talk and agreed we'd had a great time. She said, "I think Omar really wanted you."

"Maybe," I replied, "but I'm a one-woman gal!"

—S.D., via email

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DIRTY DUO

TORI CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF NICOLE'S PURPLE PROSE.
IT'S MUSIC TO HER EARS.





“I LOVE A GIRL WHO TELLS ME
EXACTLY WHAT SHE NEEDS.”

—TORI











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RACE TO THE FINISH

Fitness fanatics Abbie and Jesse find themselves in it to win it when their training sessions take a turn for the erotic.

By Alison James

When Jesse and I reached the front porch, I felt like my insides were going to fall out. I sucked in a deep breath and then blew it out slowly, trying to regulate my runaway respiration.

He put a hand on my back and laughed. We'd raced each other the last few blocks. Training for a 5K together had started as fun, then got monotonous, then we started to bitch at each other, and finally we'd decided to spice it up. We mixed up our routes, yelled words of encouragement, cracked jokes, promised each other sexual favors, and then there was our favorite bit: racing each other to the finish line, a.k.a. home.

"How you holding up, love?"

"I think I might puke," I gasped.

He looked at his fitness tracker, and I looked at mine.

"Best mile time: six minutes, 38 seconds," Jesse said, grinning.

I flashed my band at him. "Six minutes, 37 seconds!"

"One fucking second."

"One fucking second!" I laughed like the bad guy in a B movie and then managed to find my door key with shaking fingers. "I need water. Or a drink. Jesus Christ. My heart's about to beat out of my chest."

I pushed the door open, and we both made a beeline for the kitchen where ice-cold bottles of water lived. It was a mere 38 degrees outside, but we were both so hot from the exertion that freezing cold water sounded great.

We stood there in the kitchen, red-faced and sweating while we guzzled water, and after we'd each caught our breath, we started laughing again.

"Now what was it I promised you if

you beat my time?" he asked, brushing a sweaty lock of hair out of my face. I'd pulled my beanie off and the resulting hairstyle was best described as "Medusa."

I rolled my eyes. "Pussy-eating that would turn my brain upside down and my body inside out."

"Sound like a good time to you?" He leaned in and kissed me, and I found that despite being drained from the run, I was suddenly raring for another type of physical exertion.

"Truthfully, I like my brain right side up

**"HE PARTED HIS
LIPS AND
FLICKED MY CLIT
UNTIL I HAD TO
SHUT MY
EYES TIGHT."**

and my body right side out," I joked.

Jesse unzipped my fleece jacket and peeled it off me. Then he motioned for me to raise my arms. He tugged my tee over my head, and then slipped off my bra.

He reached for me with both hands and groped my tits. My nipples grew tight. He bent and sucked one between his lips. When I sighed, he moved to the other.

"Salty," he said. "How about pussy-eating that gives you several orgasms and makes you even crazier for me and makes you scream my name?"

"That sounds much more tempting." He covered my pussy with his hand and

squeezed me gently through my running tights. Then he peeled them off me, and I whimpered.

"Good. I plan to make you say my name. A lot."

That sounded great to me, too. Jesse and I had been together for quite a while, but he still made my heart beat faster and my pussy wet.

"Let me get in the shower," I said.

"Nope." He took off his jacket and quickly stripped, adding to the pile of sweaty workout gear on the kitchen floor. "Nope?"

As an answer, he stooped and scooped me up, plopping me over his shoulder bare-ass naked.

"Jesse!"

"Abbie!" He laughed and started racing through the house toward our bedroom.

"I'm sweaty."

"Me, too."

"I'm gross."

"Me, too."

He arrived at the side of our bed and dropped me gently onto the mattress. Then he pried apart my thighs, spreading my legs wide.

"Sometimes I like it down and dirty. It just makes everything that much better. Trust me." He grinned.

Jesse dropped to his knees on the floor and hauled me forward so my legs hung off the side of the bed. I found myself rising to meet his mouth, his soft lips and his warm, talented tongue.

He sloppily licked my tender skin but skirted around my throbbing clit. I clutched the bedsheets. Gone were thoughts of being sweaty and gross. Now it was all about the feel of his slick tongue working my folds and tormenting my clit.

Jesse nudged my wet hole with his tongue; I complained when I'd had



enough of his teasing, and he laughed. He circled my clit repeatedly without actually touching it. It was maddening, and I'd thought I'd scream. But just when I got to my highest point of frustration, he took my swollen jewel into between his lips and sucked on it hard. I moaned, my hands flying to his hair. I gripped his thick mane and shoved my body up. He parted his lips and flicked my clit until I had to shut my eyes tight, so all I could focus on were the incredible sensations he was delivering.

I came, shouting his name, exactly as he'd promised. My toes were curled, and my body shook beyond my ability to control. I felt totally wrecked—in the best possible way.

I started to move, and he grabbed ahold of my hips, his fingers biting into me.

"Oh, no. I'm not done with you. Stay put."

He went back at me, lazily dragging his tongue over my super sensitive clit. Every time I thought I'd scream because

the sensation was too much, he gentled his pressure. There was nothing about me this man could not read, including my hunger for pleasure and pain.

His hands slid down my legs, his fingers circled my ankles. He squeezed even as his tongue started a whirling, swirling pattern on my clitoris. He slid his hands under my feet and gripped my aching arches hard, making me groan.

"Oh, does my pretty little runner like that?" He squeezed my feet again, nudging my clit with his nose this time as his tongue reamed my slick hole.

"Fuck, that's so good," I said. I wasn't sure if I meant the squeezing of my feet or the tongue-fucking or both.

Naw, it was both. Definitely both.

Jesse squeezed my dogs again, and my hips shot up seeking the attention of his tongue. I gripped his hair even tighter, hoping I wasn't hurting him—but not really caring in the end. He gripped my feet one more time and then sucked my clit, and

there I was, shouting his name all over again like a lunatic.

My juices coated his lips, and he sat back to look up at me.

"You'd better get ready," he said, cocking an eyebrow. "Because I'm coming for your pussy."

I squealed, backpedaling on the bed, but he was already standing, dragging his fist along his cock. His strong body was no longer sweaty from our run. He dropped on the bed and climbed over me, settling his bulk atop me as he insinuated himself between my thighs.

His cock was rock-hard, and it immediately rode the cleft of my pussy. I reached down and took hold of him, gripping him in my hand and sliding my fist up and down his rigid length. His big brown eyes slammed shut, and he made a noise deep in his chest. His hair was a crazy mess from the wind, and I could still smell the scent of the winter air on him.

Jesse pushed my knees up high,

EROTICA

spreading me wide open for him. He bit my neck, making me squirm and squeak. I bucked beneath him, but I was pinned by his weight.

He taunted softly in my ear, "I like it when you writhe."

My pussy was pounding so hard I felt like I'd come undone. I thrust myself against him, desperate for his cock.

He pressed his big body down on mine, and I wrapped my arms around him. He slid his dick into me slowly, making me wait.

I was practically sobbing by the time he'd filled me fully, his thick cock waking up every nerve ending in its path.

"Nice and slow," he said, his mouth pressed to my ear.

I knew he could feel the residual spasms of my orgasms. I knew he could tell how full and tender and swollen and—fuck me, it was true—ready I was to come all over again.

I grabbed his ass and dug in my nails, trying to make him move faster.

I knew I'd failed when he laughed against my neck.

"What's the matter, speedy? Am I too

slow for you? Happy I lost?"

I groaned, and he chuckled. Then his face grew serious as he moved to look me in the eyes.

"Are you going to come again, Abbie?"

I nodded, pulling him up on him by his butt cheeks..

"How close are you?"

"So fucking close," I said, my lips nearly pressed to his. "I might cry. I just need you to move."

He sped up, and I sobbed outright.

"A little faster, darling?"

I nodded dumbly, and he complied.

I came, clutching his muscular back. My body gripped and milked his shaft. My cries were loud even to my own ears, but I was powerless to stop them. I heard him grunt, and his hips began to move even quicker.

"I'm right behind you, just where I like to be. I hate to see you go, but I love to watch you leave." His favorite joke slipped out of his mouth as he came, emptying into me with a moan and a sigh.

He kissed my temple. "I love you, even if I am a sore loser."

"I love you even though you're super

slow. Like the slowest ever."

He faked hurt. "Well, you know I'll move faster tomorrow," he said.

"Why's that?"

"Because if I win, I want something good."

"How's a blowjob sound? The kind that makes your leg shake the way it does when you're super turned on."

"Sounds perfect. Now I need to make it a point to win."

The wind was ridiculous the next day, and we were tempted to not run. But the 5K was only a month away. We wanted to run the race flat-out, no walk breaks, with under ten minute miles. We wanted to run without being anal about it, but also not tortoise slow. It was a goal we'd shared for months.

"It's like tornado country out there," Jesse said, pulling on a hat.

"Not quite. But it's definitely more than a breeze." I pulled on my own hat and then yanked on fleece-lined gloves.

We both had on plenty of layers beneath our outer jackets. I started laughing when we were finally totally dressed.

"What?" he asked.

"We looked like we're heading out to explore the Arctic."

He grinned and pulled me in for a kiss. It was a promising kiss, and I wondered if I was imagining the feel of his erect cock pressed against me when he hugged me.

"We're running for a blowjob," he said against my ear.

"Wrong," I replied, swatting his tight ass through his running pants. "*You're* running for a blowjob. Me? I'm running for more of what you gave me yesterday."

"That sweet, sweet tongue of mine?"

"You know it."

"And then a good, thorough fucking?"

"Yes," I confirmed. "All that."

"Let's go then, zippy. Let's see who's the winner. Or who blows who away. I think it's a toss-up." He pinched my butt, and I squirmed away from his reach.

We did our stretches and then off we



went, starting off at a moderate pace. The more we ran, the more I thought about the day before—about his tongue on me, his hands holding me, his body pressing against me, his cock deep inside me.

I had to shake my head to focus. I'd lagged behind because I was so fixated on our past sex that I'd turned myself on thinking about it. I put on a little speed and caught up to him.

He laughed and winked at me. "What's the matter, Abbie? Back there daydreaming? Perhaps, dirty daydreaming?"

His breath came in short puffs and so did mine as I tried my best to scoff. "Whatever. We're side by side, mister. It's not like you were a mile ahead of me."

We passed the halfway mark and were on an uninhabited stretch of road when he shouted, "Not only will I chow down on that pussy, I will spank your ass until you beg me to fuck you."

My face was suddenly warm despite the chilling wind.

"Not only will I suck your dick," I said. "I'll let you tie my arms behind my back before I do it."

I had trouble puffing the words out, but I managed.

He gave me a sideways glance and grinned. "All mouth work then?"

"Yup, until you come in my mouth."

My breath was almost nonexistent. I needed to shut up.

"Guess we should run faster, then. I'm ready for any of those things. Looks like there will be no losers."

He put on a burst of speed, and I squealed. I had to put all my mental and physical energy into adding an extra spring to my step. But it was almost impossible. My limbs had hit the point of feeling limp. Instead of propelling me forward, they were going to give out and dump me on my ass.

I had to try, though.

By the time we hit our street I'd pulled ahead, and Jesse managed to breathlessly utter, "Look at her go!"



"HIS COCK WAS ROCK-HARD, AND IT IMMEDIATELY RODE THE CLEFT OF MY PUSSY."

I started laughing, and he caught up with me.

We hit the front door and managed to get it open just as a frigid gust cut through my running clothes. My whole face was wind-chapped, and my lungs burned, but I felt amazing.

Inside, he tugged off my cap and then unzipped my jacket.

"We don't know who won."

He pulled off my tee, which left me in a long-sleeve shirt, a sports bra, and leggings. "Not yet," I said, blocking him

from removing the next layer. "I'll get too cold."

"I'll warm you up," he said. He kissed me and pinched my nipples through my remaining clothes.

I unzipped his fleece, and he shrugged it off. I pulled his long-sleeved tee over his head, and by then I had warmed up.

By the time we were naked—still panting as sweat cooled our skin—I so was ready for him to be inside me I thought I'd lose my mind.

I tapped the screen of my fitness tracker. "Six minutes, 36 seconds," I said. Then I held my breath. It really didn't matter who won. We were going to fuck. But I wanted to know who'd pulled ahead.

Jesse tapped his and cocked an eyebrow as he started at the screen.

"Well?" I demanded.

He turned the device so I could see the face of it. "Six minutes, 36 seconds!"

"It's a tie," he said. "What's that mean? No one wins?"

I slipped my hand into his running pants. "I think it means we both win." I squeezed his already hardening cock. "Race you to the bedroom."

EROTICA



In our room, I went to him, intending to drop to my knees and suck his dick. But he caught me by a wrist and turned me fast. His hand came down on my ass, slapping my chilled skin repeatedly. In my head, I managed to count 10 blows before he stopped. My pussy throbbed from the contact, and I couldn't help myself. I dropped to my knees, sucked his cock into my mouth and stroked my clit.

"Un-uh, Abbie," he said.

I groaned as he pulled out of my mouth, and he shocked me by using my stretchy headband to bind my wrists. They were now pinned behind my back, and he slid his cock back into my mouth. I moaned and sucked, dragging my tongue along the sensitive underside of his shaft.

He grunted, tangling his hand in my hair as he guided his cock deeper into my throat. I breathed through my nose and took it all, wishing I could touch myself and tease myself to a higher state of arousal.

I continued to play my tongue along his shaft as he held my hair and fucked my mouth. I felt him grow tense and heard his

breathing grow harsh again.

He pulled free of me once more and snatched the headband off my wrists.

"Get on the edge of the bed."

I was stunned and didn't move right away. Jesse bent and delivered a few fast swats to my ass, fanning the fire under my skin and reigniting the pulse in my cunt.

"Move," he said.

His cock stood straight out, beyond hard and beyond ready.

I hummed softly as I finally got my body in motion. I lay back on the bed so my ass was at the edge. It was his turn to drop to his knees. Jesse draped my legs over his shoulder and brought his mouth to my pussy, his tongue creating a nonstop, thumping pulse of arousal in my sex. He pressed his open mouth against my pussy. He licked and swirled and worked me with his tongue and lips. He knew everything I needed, everything I liked, and exactly how to please me.

When I came, my thighs gripped the sides of his head. He pushed his finger deep inside my pussy, nudging it in and

out as he licked my clit with gentle swipes of his tongue. I climaxed again in a less intense continuation of my first. He got on the bed and patted his thigh.

"Climb aboard, lady."

I sighed. I was so wet and aroused I knew if he did that thing where he rocks up from beneath me I'd be gone in a heartbeat. And I knew he'd do that thing.

I positioned myself astride him and slowly sank down on his stiff dick. He grabbed my tits and squeezed, before finally pinching my nipples hard. When I was fully seated on him, I felt my pussy flicker and tighten around his cock. He pinched me again, and sensations shot from my breasts to my cunt and back again. It was delicious and intense.

"This won't take long," he said. "I'm ready to pop."

I nodded, breathless, and began to rock. He worked my nipples in a very simple but wonderful rhythm as I bucked my body. I squeezed my internal muscles tightly around him, working his cock from the inside.

**“I WRAPPED MY
ARMS AROUND
HIM. HE SLID
INTO ME
SLOWLY, MAKING
ME WAIT.”**

His eyes slammed shut, so I whispered, “Look at me.”

He obeyed and smiled. I rode him faster, rolling my hips from side to side. The pleasure built as the friction grew.

“Jesse,” I murmured as delicious spasms sparked in my cunt.

“I feel you.”

I moved faster, and he started to thrust up under me in that wonderful way that always sets me off. Every time he jammed himself upward, I felt a new burst of pleasure ignite inside me.

I came, feeling my wetness increase as my body clasped him. I knew he was close, so close, to his own release.

“Wait, wait,” I panted, climbing off him.

“Where are you going?”

“A promise is a promise.” I moved down between his thighs and sucked his cock into my mouth. I used my mouth only, driving my lips down to his root until his hips were bucking and his fists clenching helplessly.

He groaned and came, flooding my mouth with cream that I dutifully swallowed before licking the remnants from the tip of his dick.

He rested his hand atop my head, and I grinned, looking up at his flushed face.

“Ready for the big race yet?” I asked.

“I don’t know about the race, but if this is how we’re going to train, I’m looking forward to the prep work. I have a lot of incentive to up my game.” ☪





LETTER OF THE MONTH

PAST PERFECT

A chance encounter with his former fiancée's sister leads to a swinging good time.

Ten years ago, for five minutes, I was engaged to be married. Until now, that's the closest I've gotten to wedded bliss.

Okay, "five minutes" is an exaggeration, but not a big one. I had just finished grad school in Texas, where I'd been dating Penny, this sweet, sexy, smart young linguistics student. (Our joke was that, she should go teach at the City University of New York, so she could present herself officially as a "CUNY-linguist.") We'd dated for a couple of years. I'd met her family; she'd met mine. She had two more years to work on her doctoral degree. I'd finished my own and had been applying for teaching jobs around the country.

We'd decided we wanted to stay together, even if we had to live apart for a while because of our professional lives. I think we both imagined that if we married, it would help prevent us from drifting apart. But, really, we were already floating off in separate directions.

We got as far as picking a date. August 18. Then I was offered a job teaching history at a college on the West Coast. I don't know that you could say whether I broke it off with Penny or vice versa. But it was definitely broken. We'd both somehow realized that, although we were good for each other, we just weren't right to be married to each other. That August 18, instead of reciting vows, I was on the road, en route to my new life—Penny-less. Meanwhile, she was in London, where she was about to meet the man she would marry three months later. Nope, he wasn't a Brit. He was an American rock guitarist, part of a band that eventually had a small amount of success. It tore me apart when I heard

she'd married, but the sorrow didn't last as long as I'd guessed it would. I loved my job. I still do.

But I definitely missed the sex with her. Penny had been the best thing that had ever happened to me in the bedroom. She was dark-haired and lithe. She had impeccable breasts, a little on the small side but absolutely beautiful. As for her ass, it was killer: smooth, firm and round. I ached for her flesh like a sailor pines for the sea. I didn't meet many date-able women during those first

"GOLDIE RESTED HER ARMS ON THE TABLETOP WHILE I TOOK HER, DOGGY-STYLE."

months of singlehood. I was too busy with work. I masturbated a lot. (I mean, a lot.) And I also had some stunning young women in my classes who got my juices churning. But I was careful to keep a distance from undergrads, no matter how pretty. How humiliating it would be at 34 to wind up crushing on an 18-year-old.

About six years ago, I met Goldie. A friend of one of my teaching colleagues, she was (and is) something else. She has a law degree and works for the county government. She's sexy, sassy and funny. God, so funny! I would have fallen for her for her jokes alone.

Goldie isn't her real name, but as a kid, she reminded her grandmother of Goldie Hawn, what with her loopy smile and blonde, pixie haircut. She didn't grow up to look much like Ms. Hawn, but the nickname stuck. My Goldie is much more full-bodied than the funnily lady, with hefty breasts dusted with freckles to match the ones on her arms and shoulders. And as for her legs and buttocks, there's definitely some "there" there,

We lived in separate residences for the first few years of our relationship. Like me, she had just come out of a fairly heavy relationship. What we found together was much lighter, more easygoing. A friend of hers once asked her, "Are you and Ernie serious?"

"Of course," she replied, "we're just not as serious as a heart attack."

When we finally moved in together, it was more for the sake of convenience than anything else. We chose not to declare ourselves "exclusive." We had what we called an "understanding."

I knew that Goldie had a "friend with benefits" in her hometown of Tacoma. When she would visit her family, she was definitely getting some major peen, as the kids would put it. The guy's name was Bart. She never offered details, but I figured he was some kind of stallion. I saw a Facebook selfie of him once, and he appeared aristocratic and haughty. In fact, "Bart" looked just like somebody named Bart should look.

Was I jealous? Maybe a little. But it didn't eat me up. And it didn't last long.

After meeting Goldie, I felt no great desire to have nookie time with anyone else locally. On the other hand, when I went on a mini-sabbatical to Berlin to work on a journal article, I had a one-night stand with this older woman I met

in a dank bar. I was pretty drunk that night. The only thing I truly remember is that I wore a bright lime-green condom.

Not long after that, Bart—of all things—came out of the closet. Goldie told me she wasn't that surprised. "I'd thought for a long time he'd been 'borrowing' my favorite dildo," she said. "Now I'm sure of it."

Any residual jealousy I had about Goldie's "stallion" swiftly evaporated.

Then about a year ago, I was walking from the college parking lot up to my office on campus when somebody behind me touched my shoulder.

"Ernie? Is it you?" a woman's voice asked.

I turned around, and there was Zinnia—Penny's younger sister.

I'd gotten to know Zinnia quite well in my Penny days. She was so close in appearance to her sister that people asked whether they were twins. Actually, Zinnia was slightly taller than Penny. And she was a bit more athletically built. Her face was fuller, and she had a somewhat brighter smile. I'd been in love with Penny, but I'd had to admit that Zinnia was the hotter of the two, on a strictly physical level. When I was around both of them together, it was almost too much sexiness to bear.

Still marveling at our unexpected reunion, Zinnia explained that her husband, Craig, had accepted a position as technical director for the theater department at the university. She, meanwhile, had found part-time work at the writing lab. We both had to run, but we made a date to have coffee later in the week. We embraced tightly, and she kissed me on the cheek before we went our separate ways.

When I told Goldie about Zinnia that night, she was intrigued. Over the years, she'd heard all about Penny and her family, but she'd never met any of them. She suggested we invite Zinnia and Craig to dinner.

"She's your ex-lover's pretty sister—of



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course I want a good look at the bitch," she joked. "I'll hose off the mud flaps on the welcome wagon, and we'll have a little weenie roast in her honor."

That night, after I slipped into bed with Goldie, I guess I must have kissed her more passionately than usual.

"Did the 'pretty sister' get you all hot and bothered?" she taunted.

"Don't be ridiculous."

She dove under the covers and began sucking my dick. It was already erect, waiting for her.

As we screwed, she kept snickering, amused to no end and convinced I'd been turned on by thoughts of Zinnia. She was right, of course, but I didn't want to admit it.

We both got very aggressive as we fucked each other. Finally, with a loud groan, I shot my cream deep inside her warm, wet snatch, my whole groin and belly tingling. I was able to do something that night I hadn't done in a long time: I kept my spent dick inside her until it stirred again, ready to go another round, which didn't take long.

Later, toweling down after a quick

shower, I couldn't avoid Goldie's jibes.

"Please relay my thanks to Zinnia for stoking the fire here tonight."

"Christ. Don't go there, Goldie."

"Don't run away from it, babe," she said. "Own your lust. Nobody's broken any contracts here."

I said nothing. I just kept toweling down my hair.

"I do think," she added, "that her parents are nuts. I have never heard of any human being on earth named Zinnia. Rose? Sure. Even Daisy. A little on the hippie-dippie side, true. But Zinnia? Are you kidding? Was 'Chrysanthemum' taken, or what?"

A few days later I met up with Zinnia at the food commons for a late afternoon coffee. Craig was to join us after he finished his workout at the college gym. It was a warm day, and Zinnia wore a silky, purple-and-orange blouse that showed off her toned arms and elegant neck. We talked more about how she'd met and married Craig. Then I told her about Goldie.

"I'm so happy for you, Ern," she said. "I know it was hard for everyone after you

and Penny broke it off."

"Penny didn't seem to take it all that badly."

She touched my wrist. "I'm sorry, Ernie. Penny really broke your heart, didn't she?"

I tapped my chest with my fist. "All sewn back together now."

Craig came by a little later. He was not what I'd imagined he'd be at all. He was a medium-tall, sandy-haired, stocky fellow. Okay-looking, if a little scruffy. But he was friendly as hell. You know how there are some people you can tell you'll want to get to know, and others you can't quite get a handle on? I could tell right from the start that Craig and I would be simpatico.

At one point, he looked me hard in the face and said, "Damn. You and I could have been, like, brothers-in-law almost. Think about that shit!"

"I guess that's right," I said.

"I'm looking forward to meeting your wife."

I hesitated for a second. "We're not actually married. 'Good as' married, but not actually."

"'Good as' is good," he said with a smile.

Before I said good-bye to Zinnia and Craig that afternoon, we made a tentative plan for them to come over for dinner and meet Goldie. Craig also invited me to work out with him. I'd been meaning to exercise more regularly, but had felt strange about doing so by myself in a gym full of undergrads, including some of my own students. We made a plan to meet the next night so he could show me around the facility.

It turned out to be a good workout session, and we decided to make it a regular deal. A few nights later came the dinner party at our house. Goldie made her specialty, pot roast, and it was a very successful evening. Zinnia and Goldie seemed to hit it off just as well as Craig and I had.

One night after hitting the gym, we



“MAKING OUT WITH MY FORMER FIANCÉE’S SISTER WAS UNREAL, BUT ALSO A TURN-ON.”

boys decided to grab a couple of beers at a pub off-campus. Sitting at the bar we talked about this and that. Then we had a second beer. Shortly after the third, Craig’s lips got loose.

“You know, Zin has always had the hots for you,” he blurted out.

“That’s not—come on, Craig!”

“She wanted to jump your bones right after you and Penny broke it off,” he said. “She tells me these things.”

I stammered something totally incomprehensible.

“Don’t be flustered. I love it!” he said. “It kind of turns me on, to be honest.” He poured the rest of the beer into his glass. “Another round,” he told the bartender.

By evening’s end, I’d learned a lot more about Craig and Zinnia’s marriage than I really needed to know. Bluntly put, they were swingers. They’d had a single gal pal who’d been a regular playmate until she’d found a steady boyfriend. They’d also taken single guys and couples to their bed.

“It’s damn weird knowing this,” I told him.

“Weird? I had a hunch you’d find it more tempting than weird.” He chugged the last of his final beer. “If you ever want to know more about it, say the word.” He smiled. “You’re blushing, my man.”

“I really don’t know why you told me this,” I said, feeling quite flustered.



“Oh, I think you do.”

Later that night, I told Goldie everything Craig had said about their relationship. I was shocked to learn that she wasn’t surprised.

“Zinnia dropped a few hints while we were shopping for lingerie.”

“You and Zinnia shopped for lingerie?”

“She goes for the racy stuff, I’ll say that.”

“Did you go to a department store or a sex shop?” I asked.

“Let’s call it a boutique.”

“Do you think they want to...you know?”

“Yes, Ernie. I think they want to ‘you know.’”

Five minutes later we were making love right there in the kitchen. Goldie rested her head and arms on the tabletop while I took her, doggy-style. I pushed my rod deep into her cunt, thrusting hard. She moaned softly as I pounded my way to a swift climax, releasing a torrent of cream. When I pulled out, come streamed out of her and ran down her thighs. I pulled her to me and wrapped my arms tightly around her, kissing her neck tenderly. She began massaging her clitoris with one hand, bringing herself to orgasm. I held

her tighter as her body began quaking. She gasped as she climaxed. Then she turned around and relaxed in my embrace—her freckled breasts pressing against my bare chest.

“Are we really going to pursue this thing?” I asked her.

She said nothing for a second or two, then wiped the sweat from my brow.

“I’d say it’s as inevitable as death, taxes and Cher’s next farewell tour,” she said.

Not much later, Zinnia, Craig, Goldie and I found ourselves sprawled on the large bed in Zinnia and Craig’s spacious bedroom. We were in various states of undress. Zinnia was lying on her back at the foot of the bed in her bra and panties, and I was hovering over her, shirtless and kissing her deeply on the mouth. Goldie and Craig were at the head of the bed. She was naked except for her lacy black panties—the very ones she’d bought on her shopping expedition with Zinnia. She nuzzled Craig’s neck and then moved her head down to lick his nipples. She massaged his boner, which had tented his boxers.

Things had moved damn fast after the night Craig told me about his and Zinnia’s swinging life. In the following

LETTER OF THE MONTH

days, I'd compared notes with Craig, and Goldie did the same with Zinnia. And, of course, Goldie and I talked it over ad nauseam. That we were both interested made some sense. I'd known that she'd gone to bed with a couple she knew back in law school. Similarly, I'd once had a threesome with two beautiful fellow grad students—an Asian woman and a Latina. I'd fantasized about the idea of revisiting the two-pussies-in-close-proximity thing.

So there we were. Making out with

**“ON THE SAME
MATTRESS,
I DRILLED
ZINNIA’S SNATCH
WHILE GOLDIE
ENJOYED CRAIG.”**

my former fiancée's sister was unreal, but it was also a taboo-like turn-on. Her lips were fuller than I remember Penny's being, but there was also something weirdly familiar about them. I got on my knees and peeled Zinnia's panties down, revealing a tidy snatch, much like her sister's but with more voluminous, petal-like lips. I nearly brought her to orgasm with my mouth, but quickly pulled away, so I could remove her bra. My lips then devoured her round, pink-nipped breasts.

I looked to see what was happening elsewhere on the bed. Goldie and Craig were now completely naked. She was lying on her belly. I watched as her mouth engulfed the flaring mushroom head of his stiff dick. I was both turned on and, well, alarmed. I'd known we would likely be doing what Craig called a “full swap” that evening. But I hadn't imagined what it would be like to watch Goldie blow somebody other than me.

Soon Zinnia had my pants down to my ankles and was sucking my rigid dick. Her technique was much more vigorous than Penny's had been.

She deep-throated me, which was almost too intense—almost. I looked over at Craig and Goldie, just as he was draping his burly naked body over hers. His condom-covered dick seemed to be drawn to her vagina like a divining rod pulling a dowser toward an underground stream. Craig was just about to slide his twitching dick into her warm cunt when I heard myself say “Wait!”

“What's wrong?” Zinnia asked.

“Nothing. It's just...would you mind if we switched places—for a little while?”

Nobody objected.

Zinnia went to Craig, and Goldie came over to me.

“Are you okay, babe?” she asked.

“I'm fine. Kiss me.”

She did.

We spooned, and I fondled her breasts. Suddenly, I wanted nothing more than to mount Goldie missionary-style. My engorged prick was straining to find its way to her familiar, silky pussy. Within seconds, I was pumping fast and hard as I fucked her. She was breathing erratically, caught up in a whirlwind of passion. We'd made love in this position many, many times. But that night was different. It was more intense, even, than the very first time we'd fucked. It was like Goldie was the shore, and I was a hurricane. The kaleidoscope in my mind—swirling memories of Penny blended with very recent images of Zinnia—had stopped turning. Now I wanted no one but Goldie.

Her body grew tense as I became even more vigorous with my thrusts.

“I'm coming,” she said with a gasp as her body started quaking.

That pushed me over the edge. My hot semen coursed deep into her sweet twat. I moaned loudly. Then our bodies fell still. We inhaled and exhaled as though we were one being, our breaths gradually slowing to an everyday pace.

Soon we felt the bed rocking gently. We looked over to see Craig and Zinnia.





He was still sitting at the head of the bed. Zinnia was facing him, straddling him. His penis was working like a piston, thrusting upward into her cunt. Soon they, too, had ecstatic orgasms.

Things got a little awkward after that. "Sorry, guys," I said. "This wasn't exactly what I thought would happen."

"Are you kidding?" said Craig. "You two were beautiful together."

"I wouldn't have missed watching that for anything," Zinnia added.

We cleaned up a bit and took some time to rest. But then I took Zinnia in my arms, while Craig embraced my Goldie.

Inches apart on the same mattress, I drilled Zinnia's snatch while Goldie enjoyed Craig's dick. It was wild for me to hear her cry out in orgasm because of another man, and I'll admit it was a sound I could get used to.

Afterward, they asked us if we'd like to stay for a nightcap. But we were pretty wiped and told them maybe some other time.

When we were back home in our own bed, Goldie sighed. "Well, that was wild."

"No shit," I agreed. "But I suppose it's better that we sow our wild oats now,

instead of after we're married."

A considerable pause ensued.

"Is that what we're getting? Married? Be serious, Ernie."

"I'm serious as a heart attack," I told her.

"You're such a romantic, Ern. Okay. Marriage. Fine. But I don't think my wild oats will ever be entirely sowed."

"Fair enough."

She reached over to the nightstand and turned off the light.

The wedding is set for early April.

-E.R., via email



HOT MESH

THESE LADIES MAY HAVE LEFT THE STAGE,
BUT THEIR SHOW ISN'T OVER!





“THIS IS THE SEXIEST CURTAIN
CALL YOU’LL EVER SEE!”

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▷ MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE LAY

JUST HIS TYPE

A rare book dealer teaches one of her customers about the erotic power of the written word.

Weirdly squeamish was how I felt when I went into the store and requested the dirty book. That was ridiculous, of course. The establishment was run by a respectable dealer in rare editions. I was there to pick up a volume of adult literature that my employer, a corporate exec, had been trying to locate for years.

But I was as nervous as a youngster buying his first smutty magazine.

It didn't help that the woman who ran the store was conspicuously attractive. She had hair as dark as a raven's wing and eyes that smoldered. Her face was sculptural, with high, elegant cheekbones and elfin features that somehow managed not to appear delicate. She wore a loose button-down shirt with the sleeves rolled up and snug jeans which, when she turned, gave me a view of her rather shapely backside.

She moved easily through the cramped store, where shelves nearly groaned with ancient books. A pleasant scent of aging paper filled the air. She brought a package to the counter and started opening it.

"I had a colleague in London send me this," she said.

"My employer authorized me to pay any additional shipping fees incurred."

Her eyebrows rose, and amusement quirked a corner of her enticing lips.

"That's generous of him, considering what the item already costs. Have a look at this beauty." She finished opening the box. Inside was a large, leather-bound book, obviously quite old. On the cover was a faded illustration of two naked people entwined.

I squirmed some more and held out my corporate credit card.

"That'll be fine," I said hastily.

The amused look stayed on her face as she ran the card. "Do you not like this sort of thing?" she asked quietly.

"My boss has quite an interest. I'm just here as his personal secretary."

I heard how stiff my words sounded. Under any other circumstances I would have tried to at least make small talk.

"Adult literature has a long, rich tradition. Some of the greatest writers in history have had a hand in it. Have you never read any books like that?"

**"I DRANK IN
HER BODY,
NOTING EVERY
CURVE, DIMPLE
AND HINT OF
LEAN MUSCLE."**

Before I could answer she bent down and rummaged under the counter for a moment, then came up with an old paperback. On the cover was a nude woman. She handed it directly to me.

"This is for you, free. It's not worth anything, but it'll give you an idea of how evocative this kind of writing can be." She smiled. "By the way, my name's Jenny."

I think I actually blushed as I told her my name was Wes. Stammering thanks, I took the items and left the shop. But Jenny's comely image stayed burned into my mind. I kicked myself again for not chatting her up. I would have liked to see her again.

When I handed over the volume to my

grateful employer, it occurred to me that this well-off man, with a nice family, didn't seem like a stereotypical perv. Yet he was plainly delighted with his new book, which he'd told me in advance was explicitly erotic. It was so salacious, in fact, that it was originally banned, existing only as an underground text. This book was one of those clandestine editions.

That evening, back at my apartment, I considered the paperback Jenny had given me. I told myself that I liked porn as much as the next person, but I was used to photographs and videos—not that I overindulged my taste for either. But erotic literature was something unfamiliar.

Feeling like I was doing something naughty, I poured a drink and opened the paperback.

Within a few pages I knew this wasn't some cheap piece of knock-off writing. It had been written in the 1800s, and was full of baroque language. Some of the phrases were quite beautiful: "autumn leaves like molten gold caught by the black fingers of oaken branches" and "crisp air abrading the cheek as of a stranger's stolen stubbled kiss."

Then the hot stuff started. The main character was a high society woman with an apparently highly active libido. In the first chapter she made her first conquest, seducing a kitchen lad. The sex was amazingly candid, though I had to puzzle over a few terms. She cornered him and sucked him off, swallowing his seed. Then she pulled aside her complex underclothes and had him lick her "quim."

My cock stirred as I devoured more of the words, really getting into the story. It suddenly occurred to me that the book's heroine, as described, rather resembled Jenny, with her dark hair and bewitching eyes. After that, I couldn't help but visualize the woman from the bookstore

as the one going through these many and varied sexual adventures.

I felt a little guilty about that, but as I tore through page after page late into the night, I got more and more excited. My cock was throbbingly hard. Unable to stop myself, I undid my fly and started tugging on my meat.

At first it was just a playful kind of toying. But as I reached the final chapter, where the fur was definitely flying, I jerked myself more deliberately. Jenny's face—and what I imagined her body looked like—kept intruding on my thoughts.

I pored over the last fevered words, and with a cry I shot my load. Another twinge of guilt hit me. But on the last page of the paperback a surprise waited for me. Jenny had written her name and phone number, with a simple message: CALL.

I did call—the very next day, and we set up a date. Dinner at a decent restaurant. I put on some nice duds and went to meet her that evening.

My squeamishness from my visit to her store had been replaced by a more adult anticipation. She looked fantastic, wearing slacks and a blouse, her dark hair done up in some complicated arrangement.

Over dinner we talked about our careers. Hers sounded like more fun, but she seemed genuinely interested in what I did as a personal secretary for a corporate executive.

Eventually she asked, “So...did you look at that book I gave you?” White teeth flashed in a mischievous smile.

I answered as frankly as I dared. “I read it cover to cover. That was how I found your phone number at the back. Cute, by the way.”

But she wanted to know what I'd thought about the story. Omitting the jerk-off session I'd treated myself to, I told how I'd liked the novel, how surprised I was by its literary depth.

“Did you think it was hot?” she casually asked as we enjoyed dessert.



LETTERS

▷ MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE LAY



"Oh, hell yes," I murmured.

"Good. That book is one of my favorites. I've got a huge personal collection back at my place. You want to see?"

In a flurry of expectant giddiness we got out of there and headed to her condo. My heart was thumping, and my skin tingled. As we entered her place I eyed her, appreciating her classical beauty.

She showed me a wall of old adult books as I stood near her. Her perfume was subtle, mixing with her natural scent, which was already quite alluring.

"I'm glad you're not a prude," she said.

"Hardly." The air seemed to crackle, and I sensed we were moving toward our first kiss. I started to shift forward.

Jenny suddenly stepped away and grabbed a book from a shelf. She flipped to a page, grinned at me, and began to read out loud. It was more Victorian-era smut. She recited the words of the sex scene she'd opened to with relish. Some guy was boning a woman on the dark steps of a train station, plunging his "steed" into her "cunny."

It seemed a strange move on Jenny's part, but the text excited me, like the book had last night. My cock unfurled in my pants, making a noticeable bulge.

Jenny saw, her eyes bright. She

"I SLIPPED A FINGER INTO HER SLIT. SHE GASPED AND STARTED PUMPING MY COCK."

swapped one book for another off her shelf and read me a whole new fuck scene. As she did, she slowly unbuttoned her blouse. This story was about a redheaded woman who was getting off with the blonde wife of a magistrate in some stuffy drawing room. Translating the vocabulary as well as I could, I gathered she was enjoying a 69 with the cuntstruck wife on top of billiard table.

Frankly, I was more interested in what Jenny was doing. She finished unbuttoning her top. Her breasts pushed through the opening of her blouse, smooth hillocks of flesh, topped with stiff pink nipples. With her free hand, she caressed her left tit, squeezing it gently.

Not to be left out, I rubbed my swollen cock through my pants. A simmering pleasure had awakened in my balls. Jenny grinned, liking what I was doing.

She tossed away the blouse as I shed my shirt. She grabbed yet another book and started in on some other imagined erotic scenario, flinging the salty language at me. She unzipped her slacks, and I undid mine. We dropped trou simultaneously.

I gasped at the sight of her shaved pussy. Her gaze was riveted on my hard cock. She put back her book, and her witch's eyes glittered. I drank in her naked body, noting every curve, dimple and hint of lean muscle.

We grinned at each other. The erotic language from the books still seemed to swirl in the air around us. I moved toward her. We still hadn't yet kissed, incredibly enough.

She stepped up against me, cinching her arms around my waist. I pulled her into my embrace. My cock pressed her abdomen, and her tits pushed against me. Our mouths hovered an inch apart, the anticipation building until my ears started to ring.

Then we kissed, hungrily, almost violently. Our lips smeared together and parted. Her tongue zapped out at mine. We tangled, mouths grinding back and forth. She moaned, and I drew her even tighter against me, thrilling to the soft feel of her skin and the wiriness of her musculature beneath.

My hips moved, and I rubbed my cock on her belly. Her hands reached down and cupped my ass, fingers sinking in. She shifted a bit, even as we continued our furious kissing, and she set her shaven crotch against the solid pillar of my thigh. I felt her wetness on my leg, and her body trembled with pleasure in my arms.

Finally, we had to break for air. I panted, with my cockhead throbbing against her navel. We were in the spacious front room of her condo. I glanced at the



nearby sofa, considering, but Jenny took my hand and led me away from the wall of books, toward a doorway.

Her bedroom was dominated by the wide bed. Still holding my hand, she tugged me up onto it. We lay down, facing each other. I put a hand to her breast. Her chest rose and fell as she was still getting her breath. I gently squeezed the sumptuous knoll of flesh, and watched the pleased reaction wash up over her elfin features. I flicked her engorged pink nipple with my thumb.

She responded to that by reaching down to cradle my balls. Her palm was warm, her fingers delicate as they played with my sac. Heat bloomed deep inside me, spreading upward and outward, making my toes and fingertips tingle.

I fondled her tits some more, then moved my hand down to touch her between her legs. She lifted her thigh, and I traced my fingers softly along the brim of her quim, just teasing her outer

lips. Where our kiss of a few moments ago had been ferocious, we were handling each other's genitals with almost virginal daintiness. It was strangely sweet.

Her hand slid up from my balls to wrap around my swollen shaft. I grunted, liking the pressure. She tightened her grip. I slipped a fingertip into her moist slit, feeling her silky-smooth interior. She gasped and started pumping my cock.

I fingered her deeper. The pleasure was like a visible energy I could watch roll up her lovely body. I saw her muscles tighten, and veins popped out on her here and there. Her face grew flushed, and I dipped a second finger into her.

Her clit pulsed as I stroked it, while she jerked my veiny staff with more authority. Excitement hit a new stage inside me. I was already aware that this woman was something special. My attraction to her was beyond the physical. I liked her intelligence and wit. But right now her body was of paramount importance

to me. I wanted her to experience the highest pleasure possible.

I had to have a taste of her. Her scent was in the air, luring me helplessly. I broke off my fingering and shifted down the big bed. I shouldered between her smooth thighs. She turned eagerly onto her back, giving me full access to her pussy.

It was a beautiful sight, gleaming and impatient. I lowered my head and gave her wet furrow a long savoring lap of my tongue. She made a yipping sound of pleasure, and her hips jerked. I slipped my hands underneath her ass, holding her in a slightly raised position, like someone about to sip from a chalice.

I licked her again, exploring her folds and parting them. Then I put my tongue where my fingers had already been. Her taste hit me like a jolt of electricity. I delved deeper, then focused on her swollen clit once more. I set about caressing it with my tongue tip.

Some detached analytical part of me

LETTERS

▷ MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE LAY



“I LICKED AND SUCKED HER CLIT HARDER AS SHE REACHED FOR A FISTFUL OF MY HAIR.”

wondered how this scene would be rendered in the old-fashioned language of Jenny's erotic books. I couldn't even guess at the terminology, except what I'd picked up in my reading of last night. But the quaint flavor of the literature washed through my head, casting this sexual act in pompous yet titillating terms. We might have been two people from centuries ago, engaged in carnal actions for the pure pleasure of them.

Jenny's shapely ass squirmed in my cradling hands. Her hips bucked, at first randomly as she made raspy sighing sounds. Then she began to hump rhythmically against my face. I licked and sucked her clit harder as she reached for a fistful of my hair. I let her drive her pussy forcefully on my mouth.

Suddenly, her body stiffened, every muscle hardening. She cried out, and I stroked my tongue deep into her to taste the surge of her juices. I savored the moment until she finally went limp.

I sat up, wiping my dripping chin. Desire shivered all through me, finding its most intense focus—naturally—in my throbbing cock. Jenny's captivating eyes briefly fluttered, and then she seemed to regained her composure.

I was about to move forward to slot

myself into her pussy, but she put a hand on my chest. She pushed, and I let myself fall onto my back. Her hand seized my cock once more, and without further warning her head swooped down and her mouth engulfed my organ.

Sucking air through clenched teeth, I felt a mixture of joy and surprise. Her dark hair had long since spilled out of its arrangement and was flung every which way, but through the curtaining locks I could see her lips sealed around my shaft, her neck straining as her mouth worked me.

Maybe she had a strong sense of fair play. Maybe she just wanted to taste my cock, the way I'd wanted to have a sample of her pussy. Whatever, her oral skills were amazing. I felt her tongue writhing along my staff. She sucked me deep with every plunge, taking my bulbous cockhead into her throat. The pleasure was extreme.

When her head finally lifted, I reached for her arms to pull her onto me. She climbed up. She took my spit-wet cock in her hand and lowered her pussy toward it. The first touch of my swollen crown against her slick entrance set off new delights in me. Here was the ultimate connectivity. I had desired this woman

from the first instant I'd seen her in her bookstore. Finally, we were going to fuck, true and proper.

With each inch of myself I saw and felt snaking up into her, a new burst of elation erupted inside me. Her internal muscles grasped me, and I felt myself welcomed within. I put my hands to her hips as she wiggled and settled, taking me all the way.

She hovered there a moment, and again I beheld the flagrant pleasure twisting her delicate features. Such a beautiful woman she was. I knew I would want to see her again after this, to know her through and through, to experience her charms and intellect in full measure.

But for the moment our bodies were carnally joined. She put a flat palm to my chest and began to lift and lower herself on my straining pole. She moved at an easy tempo, her pussy gripping me with slippery heat. I fell into her rhythm, gently thrusting up against her downward lunges. It was cooperative and sublime.

Then something tripped in her, in both of us, as darker, more urgent needs surfaced. She started riding me harder, slamming down onto my cock. I lifted my ass off the bed, spearing upward.

Inarticulate sounds escaped her mouth, and I heard similar exclamations coming from me. The mounting pleasure felt primitive and untamed. She threw her head back, and her hair flew in a

dusky spider web as her fingers dug into my chest.

When she came this time, I felt the serious clench of her. Her whole body thrashed above me. I drove upward, to her deepest point, letting her ride the crest of her climax until she cried out and her limbs slackened.

I shifted hurriedly beneath her, catching her and laying her down, keeping my cock inside her throughout all the maneuvering. On her back, her eyes locked onto mine. I was poised over her as her mouth opened soundlessly.

With a single thrust, I buried myself to the hilt in her pussy. She jerked with the impact. Her hands went out on either side and clawed the bed, while feverish pleasure swamped through my skull.

She lay beneath me, spread wide, taking every stroke of my cock. Once again, the text she'd read earlier flowed into my thoughts. This time the words seemed alive. They spilled onto Jenny's gorgeous writhing body in my mind, black letters pouring across supple skin, erotic phrases by the hundreds. They gushed across her breasts and belly, thighs and face. They described what we were doing, chronicling this glorious encounter as though for an audience of two centuries ago.

With the phantasmagoria of verbiage swirling, I continued to fuck her furiously as she shivered and moaned.

I was beyond myself, tumbling over the edge. Sweat stung my eyes as I heard Jenny howling. In that same instant, ecstasy ripped through the abyss of my being. My balls tightened and come jetted from me. Each spurt was a wrench of fantastic pleasure, and I lost myself in that rapture.

Afterward, I smiled tenderly at her, and she returned a similar look. The words had disappeared, but they would somehow linger, recording this ultimate erotic tale for all time.

-W.C., Boston, Massachusetts



STRAIGHT UP

For as long as I can remember I've been into women. I came out relatively young, but I think most people who knew me had already guessed I was a lesbian. I haven't worn a dress in years, I keep my hair short and boyish, and I'd never been known to moon over a guy.

I've been a fairly monogamous person, and all my girlfriends have been lesbians, as well. But just recently I did something I'd never done before—I fucked a straight chick.

Some of my friends had fantasies about nailing a breeder, but I never did. Maybe it was something political, I don't know. I just wasn't interested in trying to "convert" someone. The thought never tripped my switch.

But that night at the bar, I met a femme who drew me in.

I had been single for a few months and was itching for some action. There's a tavern in town that attracts a good-sized lesbian crowd. I was going to have a night

out with some friends, while keeping my eyes open for somebody new.

When two straight-as-a-pin women came in, they got a few stares but the queer girls went back to what they were doing after deciding the new arrivals weren't on the make. But one of the women grabbed my attention. She was a slight blonde, wearing a chic cocktail dress and sporting an engagement ring that had a huge rock. Ordinarily I wouldn't have looked twice at her, but something about the way she carried herself intrigued me.

I sat with my friends, but kept my eye on her. When her pal went to the ladies' room, I pounced. I sidled up to her and asked, "Come here often?"

She laughed at my corny pickup line, so I introduced myself.

"I'm Kayla," she said, holding out her exquisitely manicured hand.

We shook hands, and I sat down. When her friend returned, she looked a little shocked that Kayla was chatting with a big butch like me.

"Ready to go?" the woman asked.

Kayla looked at me and then back at

her friend before saying, "I'm going to stay for a while."

The friend acted like she had seen a ghost and left. In short order, I learned Kayla was 23, a kindergarten teacher and recently engaged. I asked her what had led to her coming to what was essentially a lesbian bar. Pretty much the only one in town.

"Curious, I guess," she said.

I put my hand on her leg. "Curious about what?"

Kayla took in a deep breath and said she needed some air. We went into the alley behind the bar, and I got as close to her as I could. She was shivering, but she was not shrinking away from me. I pressed against her, and she looked at me in surprise.

"Are you a guy?"

I laughed. She must've felt the strap-on dildo I was wearing under my clothes. I like the way it feels, and it gives me a nice bulge in my pants. I don't want to be a man, but I like being a woman with a cock.

"It's plastic," I said. I leaned in and kissed her. After a moment of hesitation, she allowed my tongue to invade her mouth. She then actively kissed me back, which gave me a thrill. She ran her hands up and down the dildo hiding beneath my pants.

I unzipped my fly and hauled out my dick. Hard and ready to rock, as always. I reached under her dress and found my little kindergarten teacher wasn't wearing panties.

"What a naughty girl," I whispered in her ear as I pushed her up against the brick wall. "Do you want some of my dick?"

That sweet little femme nodded ever so slightly, so I hoisted up her leg and plunged my cock into her wet cunt. I held her against the wall and fucked her. I knew we had to be quick, so I held her tight and pounded into her. She was already soaked, so I had no trouble getting right to it. In only a few minutes, she had an orgasm that rippled through her body. She must've been on the edge of coming from the second she'd walked



into the place. I'm surprised she hadn't left a wet spot on her chair.

Her cheeks were still flushed as we straightened our clothes. Then I said, "Let's go to my place."

She was so tongue-tied she could only nod in agreement.

On the drive over she told me her fiancé was away on business and how planning her wedding was really stressing her out. I just kind of nodded as she talked. All I could think about was getting her out of that dress and jamming my tongue into her pussy.

When we got to my apartment, I offered her a drink. She was still a little nervous. We sat next to each other on the sofa, and I pressed my hip against hers. I wanted to jump her, but I didn't want to scare her away. I had fucked her in the alley, but I think she was still skittish about taking things further.

Finally, I just put my hand on her bare, smooth knee. She turned and looked at me, and I leaned in for a kiss. Our tongues tangoed for a while, and when I broke free, I slipped her dress down and off her shoulders. Kayla looked at me, and there was a "yes" in her eyes. She stood up and slipped out of her dress. She kicked off her shoes, so she was left wearing only a frilly bra.

I began to undress myself. That night I had worn a sports bra and men's boxer briefs. My strap-on was beneath and made a bulge in my underpants. She gave a little giggle at that. I took her by the hand and led her into the bedroom, where I laid her down, slid next to her and began kissing her neck. She squirmed and cooed. I worked my way down and popped one of her tits out of her bra. I loved her nipples, which were a light blush color. Mine are large and dark.

I prolonged my trip down her torso as long as I could. She lay back as I caressed her with my fingers and tongue. Her bra ended up across the room. I then switched things up. Her toes were so cute I decided to suck on them for a



"I LICKED HER BEFORE EVENTUALLY SLURPING ON HER CUNT LIKE A CRAZY WOMAN."

while. She was ticklish and shrieked, but did her best to stay still as I took each little piggie into my mouth.

I then kissed my way up from her ankle to the inner part of her thigh. I could smell her arousal, and it was like catnip. I just couldn't resist, so I dove right into her honeypot. I teased her at first, just grazing her puffy labia with my lips. Then I licked her softly before eventually slurping on her cunt like a crazy woman.

Kayla squeezed my head between her thighs. I responded by giving her pussy little love bites. I shifted my attention to her clit, and after a few minutes, her soft moans intensified as she came. At the peak of her passion, she was yelling so loud I thought she might startle my neighbors.

I collapsed next to her, stroking her hair while she recovered. When she spoke she asked, "Is it all right if I do that to you now?"

I gave her a "well, duh" look and removed my briefs. I unhooked my strap-on. She ran her fingers along my

many tattoos, including the one right above my mound. I was trembling with desire. She may have come already, but I was like a boiler ready to blow.

She sucked on my nipples tentatively, but I encouraged her to be more aggressive because I like it rough. Kayla bit lightly on one of my nips, and I responded affirmatively. She bit the other one, and after a few minutes both were stinging nicely. She then approached my pussy as if it were a strange new food that she had never tried before.

"Smells good," she said, running her fingers up and down my slit. That was good, too. She fingered me for a while and brought me close to orgasm, but then backed off. I could see why her fiancé loved her. She was so eager to please.

Kayla then slipped her finger in my cunt and swirled it around. She added another finger and then another. I lifted myself off the bed, thrusting my hips toward her hand. She withdrew her fingers and sucked on them.

"Wow, you taste great," she said, so innocently I couldn't help but laugh. She joined me and then lowered her mouth to my sloppy cunt and began licking energetically.

For a novice she wasn't bad. She told me later she did what she liked done to her, which is always a good strategy. She got a little daring and lubed a finger with spit and wormed it into my asshole. The double penetration made me come hard.

Afterward, I suggested a bath. I live in an old building, with a great claw-footed tub. I filled it with hot water and lavender bath salts, and then we got in and soaped each other up. We rubbed each other's

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pussies and were having a wonderful time. We rubbed one another so vigorously that a lot of water ended up on the floor. But, hey, that's why bathrooms have tiled floors.

We both came during our bath. After that Kayla and I relaxed, lying still in the water remaining in the tub. Finally, we had the strength to get out. We dried ourselves off and collapsed in the bed.

She stayed the night, and I awoke well before dawn to find she was wearing my strap-on and admiring herself in the mirror in the gentle glow of my nightlight. As soon as she realized I was awake, she came back to the bed. We began to kiss, and then she fucked me missionary-style. Normally, I don't play that role, being a stone-cold butch. But it made Kayla happy, and I enjoyed her virgin enthusiasm. After a while, she rolled me over and gave it to me doggy-style. I was overcome by a huge wave of pleasure that nearly threw me off the bed.

Come morning she went on her way, back to her straight life. She promised the next time her boyfriend was away, she'd come back to play. I'm looking forward to it.

—B.K., via email

"I PLUNGED MY COCK INTO HER CUNT. I HELD HER AGAINST THE WALL AND FUCKED HER."

HOT TAKE

Joyce winced but smiled as she took her seat in the booth across from me. I gave the waiter my usual drink order of water, no lemon, and waited for him to leave.

"Are you okay? Did you pull something on your run this weekend?"

She'd been training for a marathon, and I'd thought she was nuts—especially when I'd seen her icing her knees or her hip under her desk at work, or seen her sports tape peeking out from under the hem of her skirt. It always looked painful.

She actually blushed and then gave a small laugh.

"No. I'm fine. It's not my hip."

"Something else?" I asked.

She looked down and laughed again. "Yeah. Something else. Nothing bad. Trust me."

The waiter popped up with our drinks, and we gave our lunch orders. The usual. Same old, same old. Caesar salad with chicken no croutons and dressing on the side. I was a creature of habit.

"Don't you ever want something else?" she asked.

"Sure."

"But?"

"But? I don't know. Seems easiest."

I studied her face and watched her wince again as she shifted in the booth. Come to think of it, she was shifting a lot.

"Look, I'm getting worried. Is something going on?"

She cocked an eyebrow and studied me as if weighing her options.

"Joyce!" I said.

She leaned across the table. "If I confide in you, can you keep your mouth shut?"

I laughed. "You know I can. We've been friends for a long time now."

She nodded, satisfied. "Ben and I had amazing sex this weekend."

I waited. Finally, I prompted, "And...?"

"He spanked me."

"What?" I was a little startled, but she was grinning. She looked very flushed and very pleased. I was very confused.

"He doesn't do it all the time. But, God, sometimes I want it so bad. I crave that endorphin rush. I crave how intense my orgasms are afterward. And I definitely crave how turned on I get when he puts me over his knee and spansks my ass."

"I...I..." I wasn't sure what to say. "But you're shifting. A lot. Are you hurt?"

She rolled her eyes. "A few little bruises, a sore bum. Trust me—that's the best part for me. I feel that little twinge and think of it, and it all comes flooding back." She emphasized the word

flooding and winked at me.

I felt my own twinge then, deep inside between my thighs. I was thinking of John and his big hands. And wondering what they'd feel like on my bare ass right before he took me.

Joyce snapped her fingers in front of my eyes, and I jumped. "Where'd you go?" Then she started laughing. "Oh, I see. I've got you thinking, eh? You've never?"

I shook my head.

Our food arrived, and I looked at my meal. Same almost every day, same food, same taste, same way. Boring.

"You should try it. You really should."

I nodded. "I'll think about it."

But I already was.

John was standing in the kitchen when I got home. He had the fridge door open and was staring inside as if it held the secrets of the universe.

"Refrigerating the kitchen?"

He looked up at me and shook his head. "Thinking." He shut the door. "What do you want for dinner?"

"Not to cook," I said.

"Me, too."

"Should we eat out?" I asked, unwrapping my scarf and hanging it on a hook by the coat closet.

"We said we'd stop because it was so much money."

"Fuck it," I snapped.

He cocked an eyebrow at me and came toward me. "You okay? Rough day?"

"No." I shook my head. "I just..." I blew out a breath and watched him study me.

"You just?"

"Want something."

"What?"

I shook my head again.

"Tell me," he said in his bold voice.

"Come on now. Spit it out."

"I want you to spank me!" I blurted.

Then I touched my cheeks because they were hot, but it felt good to say the words. I felt good getting them out. In fact, I felt pretty fucking turned on.

He came toward me and snagged my wrists in his hands. He squeezed just enough to make me gasp. "Why? Have you been bad?"

I stared into his big brown eyes and said, "Yes."

"How?"

"Well, I snapped at you, and I want to eat out, and I...I..."

John just stared at me with a crooked smile on his face. He looked ready to roll his eyes, but he waited for me to finish instead.

"I got turned on when Joyce told me about Ben spanking her, and then I couldn't concentrate the rest of the day—and I fucked up pretty much everything I touched because all I could think about was you."

"Spanking you?" His smile faded, and a look of comprehension spread across his features.

"And then fucking me," I answered. My pussy clenched when I spoke the words aloud.

He watched my face. "You messed up all kinds of stuff?"

I nodded and watched as he reached

down and slid his hand into my skirt and then my panties.

"Because you were wet, weren't you? And aroused? Horny?"

I nodded again. "Yes." I barely managed the word.

He pushed a finger inside me, and I shut my eyes, moaning. He pushed a second inside me and flexed them both. I was so turned on I felt myself gush around his fingers. He withdrew quickly and said, "Upstairs, bad girl. Now. Hustle. Take off your clothes and wait for me."

My legs felt like they'd buckle as I went up the steps. I took off my clothes with trembling fingers and then sat, restless and nervous, on the edge of the bed for him. When I heard his footsteps on the stairs, I thought I'd leap out of my skin.

He walked in, took off his boots and put them away. He did it all slowly as if he had all the time in the world. I sat there stewing.

Finally, he sat on the edge of the bed and patted his lap. "Come on, bad girl. Over my knee. Time to pay for your crimes."

I felt like I was moving in slow motion as



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I obeyed. I got on my knees and draped myself over his lap. He positioned me the way he wanted and then ran his warm palm over my butt cheek. He did the same to the other, his touch gentle and soothing. All the while my heart was beating crazily. He slid his fingertips down my ass crack, and I squirmed.

The next thing I knew he was delivering a hearty strike. I yelped, pain shooting through me, my legs kicking.

"Sit still," he said.

I nodded, as the stinging pain turned into a warm liquid pleasure. He went back to soothing and stroking.

When my body relaxed, he struck me again, surprising me with another hearty blow. This one to the untouched ass cheek. I sobbed, my body rocking, and then I hummed because I could feel his rigid cock pressing against my belly.

Then he started a hard and fast rhythm, stealing my breath and making me writhe. When he suddenly stopped, the silence was deafening and my ass was throbbing. After only a momentary pause I was going to cry, my body turned all the sensations to pleasure, and I realized

I was absolutely drenched. He pushed three big fingers inside me and slowly fucked me with them.

I groaned.

John pulled his fingers free and pressed one to my tender ass cheek. I yelped, following up the sharp sound with a sigh.

"Get on your knees. Suck my dick."

I moved slowly, lazily, and gave him time to get his pants open. Then I slid my mouth down his rock-hard shaft and licked him. He tasted salty and warm, and

**"MY BODY
GRIPPED HIM
TIGHT, AND A
WAVE OF
PLEASURE HIT ME.
I WAS SO CLOSE."**

I wanted him inside my cunt. John pushed his fingers into my short hair and pushed my head down farther. I gagged a little, and he released me. I raised my head, and he pushed me down again while thrusting up. I breathed through my nose and took him. He repeated it and then growled and pulled me up by my hair.

"Get on the bed."

I did and watched him take the rest of his clothes off.

He climbed on top of me and pushed his hands under my ass. I winced as his fingers dug into the tender meat he'd just abused.

"How's that feel?" He winked at me and slid his cock inside me on one smooth, hard stroke.

My body gripped him tight, and a wave of pleasure hit me. I was so close already. I thought I'd lose it at any moment. He fucked me hard and fast, and I rocked up to meet him. Every move made me remember his hand on my bottom.

He kissed me and then dragged his teeth along the slope of my neck. I came, crying out uncontrollably as my body spasmed around his cock.

He laughed and moved in and out of me a few more times before pulling out and flipping me to my belly. I got on my hands and knees and pressed back to entice him. I wanted him to take me from behind the way he liked. And I wanted him to not hold back.

He pushed into me slowly. I knew he was watching, watching his dick slide deep inside me. I found my clit with my fingertip even as I pushed back to take him. He filled me up entirely, and it was so easy for me to come that way. My ass was throbbing in time with my heart, and I felt like I'd lose it again at any second.

He held my hips and said, "I can feel you playing with your pussy. Do you want to come again, sweetheart? Do you want to come while I fill you up? I'm close, too, after spanking you. I can't even explain it."

I loved the way he was talking to me. I was about to pop at any second. I shut



my eyes and listened to the slap of our bodies as we fucked, listened to his harsh breath. I turned my head and saw the outline of him as he drove into me. His fingers gripped me harder, biting into the meat of me.

"Oh—" I said. "I'm so—"

His hand came down on my ass three times in quick succession, and I came. The pain pushed my pleasure up and over the edge. I heard myself chanting, "Yes, yes, yes!" It seemed like someone else. I almost laughed, but then he was growling at me, "I'm going to come. I'm going to come in you, bad girl. My bad girl!"

And then he did, his body growing stiff against me, his fingers gripping my body tightly.

I dropped down to the bed, panting, and he followed suit. I looked up at him and grinned. He grinned right back.

"How was that?"

"So good."

"Bad girls deserve it so good," he said, pulling me in and kissing me.

The next day, Joyce and I met for lunch again. I winced but smiled as I took my seat in the booth across from her.

—S.A., Bangor, Maine

SHOWGIRLS

My best friend/girlfriend, Iona, had gotten me to do some wild things during the two years we'd been at college together. First off, she'd lured me into my first full-blown lesbian affair, though I hadn't needed much convincing. Then there had been the less sexual, but still reckless, escapades she'd talked me into, like middle-of-the-night road trips and visits to seedy bars. Even this between-semester European vacation we were on had been her idea.

But I balked at the notion of getting naked in front of a bunch of strangers.

A little background: Our European



"vacation" was more like a vagabond's tour of the continent. We were doing it on the cheap, hiking, biking, hitchhiking. We were having a great time, admittedly, but it was seat-of-your-pants traveling. It wasn't the kind of vacation you'd find recommended in any respectable guidebook.

But what a blast! We navigated the languages as best we could and found ourselves in adventure after insane adventure. We met all sorts of wonderful folks. Any anti-American sentiment we might have encountered was pretty much negated by the fact that we were a pair of hot, big-titted, fun-loving women.

Iona and I sucked and fingered each other every chance we got, but our relationship wasn't exclusive. Also, neither of us was on an all-girl diet. We made friends with guys of vague nationalities, who treated us like princesses and later boned us like American pussy was the gateway to heaven.

One night, though we had gotten into some kind of private gentlemen's club. I still wasn't sure how. It was a place with lots of rooms full of expensive furniture. Rich-looking people milled around, with half-naked—and totally naked—attendants roaming the rooms. The food and booze were top-notch.

Iona and I obviously didn't belong, but we were evidently being indulged. So we'd mingled and chatted as best we could, until Iona pulled me aside and told me we could make a bunch of money there.

"No way!" I said, scandalized. "I'm not going into some sleazy booth and

stripping for total strangers!"

Iona, who is a beautiful, poised woman, smiled patiently. "It's not like that, Margot. It's not a booth."

I almost laughed in her face. Techno music pounded in the club. "Getting naked in front of an audience for money would make me a...a hooker!"

Iona shook her head. "A stripper, at best. And what's wrong with that? Besides, you know we're almost broke. We could travel in style after this."

"Then you do it!" I protested.

"The owner asked for you." She shrugged and smiled.

Despite my objections, I considered it. It was—what?—a half hour of my life. And the money sounded serious. I wouldn't have minded a stay at a decent hotel after these days of fun but rugged traveling.

Somehow, a few minutes later, I found myself heading behind the scenes at the club, to the employee area. It was an elaborate setup. The owner was a big man with a shaved head who sized me up with a gleam in his eyes. He showed me to a small changing room and explained in broken English what was required of me. Then he handed over a wad of cash. Iona stayed with me after he left.

I was supposed to go through a door into the next room, which had glass walls. Special clients of the club would then watch me as I stripped.

Iona fingered the sheer bits of lingerie I was meant to wear. "Well," she said, "at least you won't have much to take off."

Resigned, I put on the frilly scraps of fabric. Iona eyed me. "Fuck, you look hot." It was the look she usually gave

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me just before we ravished each other. I couldn't help but respond with a tingle of excitement.

I was as nervous as fuck, but the money the owner had handed over was substantial. Now I had to go earn it. I grabbed a last kiss and embrace from Iona, then walked through the door into the performance area.

Iona had been right. It wasn't a booth. I found myself in a full-sized room, with three walls made of glass. The carpet was thick and there was a huge velvet-draped bed. More techno hammered from hidden speakers.

In my skimpy lingerie I froze. A dozen fancy-looking people were staring at me from the viewing section. They sat with cigars and cocktails, watching expectantly. I felt mortified and horribly exposed. But underneath those reactions stirred another, somewhat darker response. That tingle of excitement I'd felt a moment ago turned into a ripple of arousal.

I started moving to the beat of the music. I liked dancing. I closed my eyes and let myself remember happy nights

on dance floors, with Iona and other fun sexy people. My limbs moved and my hips swayed. My feet stepped nimbly, and I twirled in a circle.

When I opened my eyes, I saw the crowd responding with smiles and courtesy claps. I suddenly noticed that there were little openings along the bottom of the glass walls, like at a bank teller's window.

I fell harder into the beat, working it now. But I would need to do more to earn tips from my viewers.

Iona was right. There was nothing so bad about taking my clothes off in front of strangers. Hell, I was already halfway to nude in my provocative getup.

I danced around the room. As I did, I started discarding bits of my lacy ensemble. Cheers erupted beyond the glass. I gyrated even harder, giving them my sexiest moves as I bared my tits.

The well-to-dos started getting up from their seats to stick bills out through the slots at the base of the walls. I wasn't sure of the exchange rates, but it looked like a lot.

I got down to my sheer panties. I turned

and wiggled my ass for them. Amazingly, I was actually into this, gradually growing even more thrilled at the attention. I felt eyes caressing me. I flung away the panties with a flourish and stood buck naked before my audience. They roared approval and shoveled more cash through the slots. It was piling up on the carpet. Iona and I would be living in luxury for the rest of our trip.

I kept dancing, making my moves truly lascivious now. I squeezed my tits, tweaked my nipples and spread my legs wide to show off my pussy. A grin stretched my face.

Without warning the door behind me opened. Iona came sashaying into the room. She, too, was utterly naked and moving sexily to the house music. Again, the crowd cheered. More well-dressed people were coming into the viewing area.

I froze again, but Iona danced up to me, took me in her arms and whispered, "Let's break the bank, shall we?" Then she kissed me, full on the lips. I responded helplessly. My tongue went out, searching for and finding hers. We pulled tighter into an embrace. Our tits mashed together. She slipped a smooth thigh between my legs and rubbed herself against my pussy.

Pleasure flooded my body as my juices started to flow. I kissed Iona deeper, our tongues entwining as our lip-lock intensified. She was moving me, guiding us. I went along, feeling like I was floating.

I realized we were at the edge of the big soft bed. My heart raced, and my body trembled with excitement. I looked into Iona's eyes, trusting her. For all the crazy stuff we'd done, I had never truly regretted any of it.

Together, we flowed onto the velvet expanse of bed. For a moment the music seemed to become a dull distant sound, the glass walls turned opaque, and I felt I was alone with my lover. I kissed her tenderly, and she smiled back at me with affection.

Then we went at it. Our mouths



mashed together ferociously once again. Her hands were on my tits, practically mauling me. I grabbed her lush mounds. I broke our kiss to suck her hard nipples, closing my teeth on the luscious buds. She groaned with pleasure.

She reached down to trace her fingertips along my streaming cleft. My nerve endings screamed with need as desire opened up in my head and body, filling me with bright light.

Iona's fingers dipped into my pussy, finding my excited wetness. My clit had sprung to insistent life, throbbing for attention. Iona gave my sex-bud a few teasing strokes, then caressed it more intensely. Her touch was like magic.

My hand sought her pussy. I jammed two fingers inside her and felt her whole body shaking. She shared my excitement. This wasn't just a show, despite the people who were now howling with appreciation on the other side of the glass walls.

Iona and I fingered each other mercilessly. Abruptly the brunt of my climax hit. I hurried to delve Iona deeper and harder, to bring her along. Together, we went tumbling and crashing into a shared climax that seemed to pass back and forth between us for several moments. Playing to the crowd, I threw my head back screaming and howling as I came, hoping my actions would express how good everything felt.

We received another deafening crescendo. I was vaguely aware of yet more money being tossed in at us. The crowd had more than doubled in size. We were a hit.

But at this point I couldn't have stopped things between us if I'd wanted—and I sure as fuck didn't want that. With the mutual knowledge of longtime lovers, Iona and I rearranged ourselves on the velvet stage of the bed. Dozens and dozens of sets of eyes beheld us. These strangers were seeing every inch of me and Iona. They were witnessing us at our most intimate, at our most passionate.



“I GYRATED EVEN HARDER, GIVING THEM MY SEXIEST MOVES AS I BARED MY TITS.”

It added a wonderfully sinister thrill to the scene. We settled into a familiar 69. Iona was on the bottom, and I lay atop her, our bodies reversed. My face hovered over her dripping, well-fingered pussy. From beneath, I felt her hot breath on my pussy lips.

I licked her at the same instant her tongue made contact with me. Pleasure snapped through my body, just as she jerked underneath me. Her taste

delighted me, and I savored her smooth texture, spreading her lips. Her pulsing clit awaited, and I stroked it and sucked it.

Iona was doing the same to me. Our passion built until her climax hit her. After she came, I sat myself up so I was riding her face. I repeated my earlier performance, whipping my head about wildly and moaning loudly, until my orgasm took me not long afterward. I collapsed to the bed, joining my girlfriend.

We clung to each other like shipwreck survivors, borne away on pleasure, while strangers watched from the shore.

—M.R., Amsterdam, Netherlands

Some say the first time is the greatest—until you have the chance to do it all again. But some virgin sexcapades are so memorable they deserve to be shared, so tell us about yours! Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department MV, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

SEX ED

Much to my surprise, the two hours had quickly flown by. It was my first time holding parent-teacher conferences as an instructor at a school. I'd been dreading that night, but in the end it turned out great. With just 10 minutes left, there was only one parent who hadn't shown. Figuring I was home-free, I loosened my necktie and began gathering my things to go. Everyone else on my floor had already waved goodbye and left for the night. Right as my finger came in contact with the power button on my computer, the classroom door flew open.

"I'm so sorry," gasped a breathless brunette. "I got called into a last minute meeting at work, then I got caught in such terrible traffic. I was hoping I hadn't missed you."

Putting a damper on my disappointment, I found a smile for the frazzled parent. "It's no problem at all," I assured her. By process of elimination, I already knew whose she was. I gestured to the seat next to my desk and re-opened the spreadsheet on my computer detailing each student's grades. "Please have a seat."

She perched on the edge of the old wooden armchair, crossing her legs so that the pointed toe of her pump gently grazed my calf.

I scrolled through the list until I came upon her daughter's records. "Mrs. P, your daughter is an excellent student. In fact, she's top of the class."

A warm smile brightened her beautiful face. "I'm not married so please, just call me Elizabeth." She stroked her manicured fingers over the rolled cuff of my sleeve, making me see that, indeed, there was no ring glinting on her fourth finger. "And I'm very proud of my daughter. I know she is doing excellent work because she shows me every assignment." A sly look lit her



eyes before she added, "I was more interested in meeting the new teacher that everyone can't stop talking about."

Having fair skin that's prone to blushing, I knew the heat creeping up my neck was painting my skin a bright shade of red. I'd never considered having an affair with a student's parent, but Elizabeth was temptation personified. Her lips were full and wide, making me consider all the indecent things I could do to her mouth. Her plump breasts peeked at me from behind a shirt that was open one button past business casual. A charcoal gray skirt skimmed rounded hips that would provide the perfect handle for me to grip while I drove my dick into her.

Shaking my head, I forced myself to ignore the erection growing in my pants and regain my composure. Trying to get the meeting back on track, I replied, "I'm sure no one is talking about me."

Elizabeth arched an eyebrow. "When even the dowdy moms are buzzing about the hot new teacher at school, it's hard not to be curious about him."

She leaned forward, giving me another eyeful of her bountiful cleavage.

"I know my daughter doesn't need any extra credit...but I wouldn't mind a bit of instruction for myself."

My dick twitched in my pants.

Fuck it. She literally asked for it.

I didn't care who Elizabeth was, where we were or why. All I cared about was sinking my rock-solid dick into her.

I swept my arm across the desk, sending all the loose papers and pens scattering to the floor. Then I lifted Elizabeth onto the desk and thrust my hands between her legs.

My thumbs skidded across pantyhose as I stroked her thighs.

Those would have to go.

I tore through the flimsy seam that ran directly down Elizabeth's seam and pulled the material apart, revealing her G-string—the final barrier. Shoving the tiny scrap of fabric to the side, I ran my tongue greedily over her pussy lips.

A strangled moan fell from Elizabeth mouth. She angled her hips upward, riding my mouth as I tongue-fucked her. "Take them off," she said on a groan.

Impatient, I tore her tiny underwear apart. The side band tore easily with a satisfying rip, and the material fell away to expose Elizabeth's glistening pussy, which was already overflowing with wetness.

Running my fingertips down her slit, I parted Elizabeth's dark lips to reveal her bubble-gum pink center. I trailed my tongue over her exposed flesh, savoring the tangy, sweet nectar her

“THE MIXTURE OF HER JUICES AND MY SALIVA MADE HER SMOOTH SKIN SPARKLE.”

body was producing for me.

Her sweet arousal seeped from her entrance and collected on the tip of my tongue. She was intoxicating.

Plunging my tongue into her, I reveled in the silky-smooth feel of her intimate passage. Every twitch of my tongue drew a groan from Elizabeth, sending a spark of awareness straight to my groin.

Elizabeth whimpered when I slid my tongue from her hole, leaving her empty and aching. Trailing my tongue along either side of her slit, I danced around her clit. I knew she wanted me to take it between my lips. Every stroke of my tongue brought me dangerously close to that puffy button, so much so that I could both hear and feel her frustration. Her labored breaths let me know she was deeply aroused, while the insistent flex of her fingers in my hair showed she was seriously close to losing her patience with my teasing.

When the edge of my tongue brushed against the side of her clit, Elizabeth let out a moan I was sure would echo in the hall. I was grateful that the other parents had been on-time and all the rooms on my floor were now empty.

So I didn't care about the noise. In fact, I wanted to hear more.

My tongue traced a circular path around her clit. Elizabeth's fingernails dragged across my scalp as she forced a breath through clenched teeth.



“Quit fucking with me,” she demanded.

I blew a breath over her pussy, making her shiver. “Patience is always rewarded in my classroom, Elizabeth.”

Elizabeth's grip on my hair relaxed, and her body sagged until she was practically reclining on my desk. Taking full advantage of the new position, I covered her pussy with my mouth, licking her slit.

Her thighs trembled against my cheeks, providing indisputable evidence of the sexual energy buzzing through her voluptuous body.

Sucking her clit between my lips, I gave that wanton woman the attention she craved. Her hips bucked beneath me, angling upward in an effort to increase the pressure of my mouth. Then she rocked her hips, rubbing her cunt against my face.

Sensing her restlessness, I landed a series of quick flicks straight across Elizabeth's clit. It was like lighting the

fuse on a stick of dynamite. One, two, three pointed taps, then Elizabeth's body convulsed as her honey seeped from her slit. Wanting to savor every drop of her nectar, I greedily lapped it up, sliding my tongue between the folds to poke at her entrance.

Then the insistent throb of my dick brought my own needs back to the forefront of my mind. Standing up straight made my erection strain against the too tight material of my pants. Not taking my eyes off of Elizabeth, I popped the button on my pants and eased the zipper down.

Elizabeth's gaze dropped to my newly exposed dick. She smiled knowingly and beckoned me forward letting her legs drift even further apart, giving me an unobstructed view of her pussy. The mixture of her juices and my saliva made her smooth skin sparkle invitingly, encouraging my dick to come inside.

Remembering the condom in my

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wallet, I quickly pulled the billfold from my back pocket and retrieved the foil packet. I tore it open with my teeth, then I slipped the rubber onto my dick and moved toward her entrance, ready to stuff myself inside her.

I parted Elizabeth's folds with the tip of my dick, then swirled the crown around, collecting all of her juices. Once I was satisfied that she was wet enough to take me completely, I plunged inside her pussy in one powerful thrust. Then I hooked Elizabeth's leg around my hip, drawing our bodies even closer together.

I paused for a moment to appreciate the feel of her wet pussy surrounding me. Then I nudged deeper into her. Once my dick was seated as far inside Elizabeth as was humanly possible, I began rocking my body. I slowly withdrew before driving inside her, burying myself to the hilt repeatedly.

When her pussy tightened and her body began to tremble, I abandoned my self-control in favor of hard and fast fucking. The increase in speed agreed with Elizabeth, making her soft moans rise in volume. Sealing my lips over

Elizabeth's, I swallowed her screams while biting back a few of my own.

Elizabeth wrapped her other leg around me, locking her ankles tight around my back. The position meant I could only pull my dick about halfway from her depths, forcing me to fuck her in short little pumps.

It wasn't long before Elizabeth was shuddering beneath me again. Her pussy quivered around my dick, performing an erotic massage that had me rocketing toward release.

My balls grew hot and tight as I repeatedly drove into Elizabeth. Another few thrusts and I was gone, coming in violent spurts. Working on autopilot, I continued stroking into her until the pleasure faded enough for me to regain control.

After every last drop of come was drained from my body, I disengaged and suddenly realized I wasn't sure how to proceed. This was surely not a run-of-the-mill parent-teacher conference.

Elizabeth, however, popped off the desk and immediately started fixing her clothes. Following suit, I straightened out

my shirt and pulled up my pants, donning my professional armor once more.

Elizabeth put herself together quickly, and as I worked to shut down my computer, she kissed me on the cheek and dashed toward the door. She called over her shoulder, "See you at the next conference!" Then she vanished, heading out into the hall.

I had to laugh. Never in a million years would I have imagined that my first conference would end with a mind-blowing orgasm, but I certainly couldn't have asked for more.

—Name and address withheld

🕒 ALL GROWN UP

When my mom asked me if I was seeing anyone special at college, I had to bite my lip to keep from laughing. I knew she meant well, but for the past year I'd been living it up in a sexual free-for-all at my university. I'd slept with so many wonderful women that the idea of one being "special" seemed hilariously old-fashioned.

And yet there was one woman who'd kept tugging at my thoughts as I headed home for a week-long visit. She was my family's next door neighbor, Mrs. B.

I'd been friends with her son, Ron, all my life. We'd played together, doing all the usual kid stuff. But as I'd gotten older, I had started seeing Ron's mom in a whole new light.

It was a predictable sort of crush, harmless in retrospect, but at the time I was very nervous about Ron finding out. When I was visiting next door, I was always able to keep my cool whenever his mom appeared. Ron's dad was out of the picture, but Mrs. B managed her son and household just fine.

She had lush dark hair, curvy hips and big breasts. She was everything



I thought a woman should be, except she was real in the way that commercial images of women were not. She haunted my thoughts.

Luckily for my young self, I had more than my imagination to rely on. Our houses both had backyards, connected by a gate. From my upstairs bedroom window I could see down into their yard, just like Ron could see into ours.

My view was better, though, especially on those days when Mrs. B lay out on a lawn chair in a bikini. When that happened I would huddle by my room's window, peering eagerly down, studying all that enticingly exposed flesh. On those occasions I thought of her as "Mrs. Bikini." She was a wonder to me, the feminine ideal. Those vigils were exercises in adolescent agony. Ron never knew about them. Neither did his mom.

So I thought.

But the day before I left for college, when my parents were throwing me a farewell party, Mrs. B came over. She took me aside, gave me a long hug, and whispered in my ear, "I'm going to miss you keeping an eye on me, Drew."

She knew! I blushed like a beet, but I didn't get a chance to talk privately with her again.

Now a year later I was a far more experienced and worldly man. I fancied I'd had as much pussy as a Roman emperor. Certainly I felt like I was on a more equal footing with "Mrs. Bikini."

Ron had gone to a different college. Mrs. B knew I was home, as she had put in a quick appearance at my welcome home party the day before. I waited until my parents both went out, telling me they wouldn't be back until evening. Then, with a great sense of determination, I went down to our backyard wearing only a pair of cutoffs. The day was sunny. Our old chaise longue was there.

No other house had a view into the yard, except for Mrs. B's. I stretched luxuriantly, showing off my healthy young physique, kept taut by recreational hours



"ONE OF HER HANDS WENT TO HER CLIT, AND HER ARM JIGGLED AS SHE WORKED HERSELF."

on the basketball court and in the college swimming pool. I had plenty of proof that females my age found me attractive. I couldn't see why the same wouldn't hold true for a woman in her early 40s, who was herself still fit and lovely.

I didn't look up at the windows of the neighboring house to see if anyone was there. Even so, I hesitated a moment before finally unzipping my cutoffs and laying down buck-ass naked on the lounge.

There I was, on full display. The sunlight caressed my bare skin, and I closed my eyes. *Let her be the one to look now*, I thought with a smirk. Her car was in the driveway, so I knew she was home. Eventually, she would glance out and see me in all my grown-up manly nudity. *Let her drool over me for once*.

But the day's warmth and the softness of the lounge got the better of me, and I dozed off. When I started awake some indeterminate time later, I was sporting a raging hard-on. Also, Mrs. B was standing at the foot of the chaise, gazing down on me with an amused look on her pretty

face. The gate to her yard was open.

I yelped and reached for my cutoffs. But before I could grab them, her voice froze me. "I don't think you'll need those, Drew."

I blinked up at her, realizing only then that she was in that same skimpy bikini that had driven me so crazy when I was younger. Her body was as smoking as ever, even better than the college girls I'd bedded.

She gave me a smoldering smile. She reached behind herself and undid the bikini top. It dropped and for the first time I beheld her bare tits. They were glorious. They stood high, full and firm. With another move she untied her bikini bottoms and tossed them aside.

My eyes bugged out. Her body exuded a great erotic maturity. This was a woman who had known men, who knew sex the way an old campaigner knew war. She was seasoned and wise, and she understood the deepest pleasures the way less experienced women couldn't.

My cock remained rock-hard, naturally. She was gazing at it now, her full lips slightly parted and wet. Her eyes then wandered over my whole body, and excitement tingled over every inch of my exposed skin.

She knelt on the end of the lounge. In a state of delirium, I watched her hand move toward my throbbing meat. For just a second or two, I thought I was going to shoot even before she touched me, which would have been embarrassing beyond all hope.

But I was a man, with a sexually experienced man's sense of control. Still, when Mrs. B took hold of my cock, a thousand fantasies crashed together

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▷ MILF

in my head. A fever heat suffused my brain and body. I watched silently as this beautiful woman grasped my hard shaft and slowly began pumping me.

Her grip and speed were perfect, none of the awkwardness I'd encountered with college women. She stroked me up and down. My balls hummed with simmering pleasure, and my dick dribbled pre-come appreciatively.

With another smooth motion, Mrs. B bent down and licked up that milky bead of man-juice. The contact from her tongue jolted me. I gripped the arms of the lounge, my knuckles going white. She sealed her lips around my cockhead. She started sucking her way down my veiny shaft.

It was unbelievably beautiful to watch her mouth slide all the way down my aching staff. Again the act was perfect—just the right amount of suction, no hint of grazing teeth. Her tongue fluttered up and down my length as her head lifted and fell.

Beyond any doubt, it was the best blowjob I'd ever had. Some part of me was rethinking my whole “experienced man” opinion of myself. But the rest was basking in the wonder of Mrs. B's

talented mouth. I moaned as she continued to suck me.

Earlier I'd shown a modicum of restraint. Now she was pushing me past the point of no return. I made an effort to let her know, but she kept up her incredible sucking rhythm. Suddenly, the joy gripped me, and I began unloading. She held her mouth on me, fearlessly swallowing my come as I jetted into her mouth.

Shudders of pleasure hit me in waves that slowly receded. Dazzled, I looked up

**“I LOST IT,
SHOOTING MY
SPUNK UP INTO
HER, SEALING MY
FANTASY OF
THIS WOMAN.”**

as she rose. She straddled the lounge and moved up until she stood directly over my face. I turned it eagerly up toward her. I loved how forthright she was, no coy girl games. Smiling, she lowered her pussy onto my mouth.

Her taste was somehow noticeably mature, like tasting fine wine after only having had cheap vino. I spread her lips with my tongue, and sampled her interior heat. Then I went after her clit, desperate to show her what I'd learned about pussy-eating.

But I felt her hand on my head, shifting my angle just slightly. She maneuvered her pussy, and I realized she was subtly guiding my questing tongue. I licked her in long strokes, and she sighed with pleasure. I continued to follow her leads, only going seriously after her clit when she aimed me there.

I lapped at her love knot, then sucked gently on it. She moved her hips, humping against my face. I tongued her harder, reaching up to grasp the luscious globes of her ass. She ground on my open mouth. Her hand seized a handful of my hair. She made a soft strangled sound, and her cunt seemed to grow wetter all at once.

By then my cock was blazingly hard again. As Mrs. B stepped back, she grinned at the sight. It occurred to me that while she was dazzling me with her alluring maturity, I might be impressing her with my youthful stamina.

I stayed prone on the lounge. Mrs. B stood over my cock and, keeping her feet planted on the ground on either side, lowered herself toward my waiting meat. She fit my cockhead between her slick pussy lips.

Penetrating her was like entering a fantasyland of long-held erotic promise. I had never done anything before but stare longingly at this woman from my bedroom window. Now, incredibly, I had my cock inside “Mrs. Bikini!”

Her interior grip was firm. I watched her belly tighten as she took me all the



way inside. A look of beaming pleasure touched her face, which I found very gratifying. She ground down hard on me, getting my every inch, letting herself adjust.

She planted her hands on my solid chest and started to pump herself up and down on me. I gripped her hips and worked with her movements. I thrust up into her, meeting her motions. I didn't feel awkward or sexually outclassed. For this afternoon, at least, I was her lover, her worthy male counterpart.

I wanted her to have as much pleasure as possible, as I watched her bounce on my cock. I could still taste the liquid evidence of her first climax on my lips. I wanted her to come again, hard. I lifted my ass off the cushion, jabbing up into her. She pounded on me more violently, impaling herself.

One of her hands went to her clit, and her arm jiggled as she worked herself while she fucked me. Then her face twisted, and her dark hair flew as she tossed her head. When she quaked with her deepest joy, I lost it, shooting my spunk up into her, sealing my eternal fantasy of this fantastic mature woman.

—D.S., via email

❶ HAY BABY

The winter carnival is a sea of gorgeous young men hocking ride tickets and running machinery. I always go with my girlfriends. It's a girls' night out, so to speak. We ride the Ferris wheel and look at our frosty little town from up high. We wear our snuggliest coats and drink spiked hot cider. It's always fun for us as a group. But it's always fun for me alone, too. Because while they talk about their husbands, I look at the handsome youths who gaze right back at me. Some bolder than others. All older than 18, but still younger than my 25-year-old son.



That night I'd found one of the "bolder" ones at the hot dog stand. We girls stood there, chattering, eating dogs, drinking cider and looking at the snowflakes coming down. Just enough to be pretty, not enough to worry about.

The boy was about six-foot-two and built like a basketball player. All lean muscle beneath his sweater and jeans. His hair was dark brown and done in an undercut. Bright green eyes were the cherry on top. He smiled brazenly at me, and I watched his gaze drift to the little bit of cleavage I'd displayed.

A little is always good. A lot, for me, seems like I'm trying too hard. I brushed my bangs out of my face and smiled right back. I did my best to focus on what my friend Bernadette was saying, but I kept glancing back at the strapping young specimen wondering how he'd be in bed. Maybe he liked to eat pussy. Perhaps he was a face-to-face kind of guy or he might like to fuck his girls from behind, instead. Would he pull my hair if I asked?

Would he spank my ass?

I realized I was staring and he was talking to me.

"I'm sorry?"

"I said, did you want another? On the house?"

I couldn't help but chuckle at that. "I'm tempted but I have to watch my girlish figure," I said, winking at him.

"I can watch it for you."

I smiled and considered my comeback. And then Susan said, "Danny? Is that you?"

Danny started to stammer, and my heart deflated. Danny was off the table. Not if he knew one of my friends. I smiled politely at Danny as we walked away.

Good news for me: We decided to do the hayride through the forest even though it was getting late. We caught the last wagon of the night. Roger was selling the tickets. I know because his name tag told me so.

Roger was tall and broad. He moved like a football player. He had dark blond

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hair and big blue eyes. He was the kind of kid who brought the word Nordic to mind.

Our eyes met, and he blushed hotly in the light of the ticket booth. But it was a gorgeous blush that made his eyes look even bluer.

We bought our tickets. When I handed him my money, he brushed his finger across my thumb, lingering a bit. When I took my ticket, I responded the same way. I always find it fascinating how a connection—an attraction—like that can be felt and read so easily by two people.

Another blush, and I laughed softly. The ladies and I went off to ride our ride.

"Did you see that stud muffin staring at you?" Bernadette asked.

I snorted at the term. "No," I lied.

"Oh, God. He wants you. Older woman, younger man, hot sex," Susan let out a sigh.

"You read too much into things," I said. But I was smiling.

"Oh, come on. You're the only one of us who could have an affair with a younger guy. We're all married. You're single and able to mingle." Becky laughed. She had amused herself.

"Look at the lovely lights," I said, changing the subject. I rooted around in my purse for a piece of paper and did my best to subtly scribble a note.

On our way out of the ride I dropped my bag on purpose. Right by Roger's feet. Roger, being a young gentleman, stooped to help me. I slipped him the paper and watched his startled expression.

"Thank you," I said. I hurried off with my friends, begged off stopping for a drink and went home.

If everything went to plan, I'd have a visitor in about 2 hours—and I did.

"I'm glad you came," I said when I opened the door.

"I'm glad you asked me."

I stepped back, and he entered. He was eager, wrapping his arms around me the moment I shut the door. He



"I WAS READY TO EXPLODE, BUT I DIDN'T WANT MY YOUNG PLAYMATE TO FINISH YET."

kissed me right there, just a step from the front door. The kiss was deep and intense, and I could feel his hard-on pressing against the front of my leggings. I'd changed into something easily removable for our hookup.

I had wrapped my arms around him, as well, and now I tugged him closer to me. He grunted against my mouth and deepened the kiss. He pressed his pelvis forward, rubbing his erection against me. I was wet before he even got there, and he was clearly ready to go.

"Take your pants off," I said, running my finger along the hard line of his cock.

It didn't take him long at all. He pushed them down and made quick work of his boxers. I dropped to my knees and gently squeezed his balls. Then I sucked

his cock, just the tip, until he made a desperate noise. I went a bit farther, then pulled back. He groaned. I smiled and shoved my mouth slowly down his length until I kissed the base of his dick.

I sucked him off unhurriedly until I couldn't stand the pounding in my cunt any longer. I undressed slowly while he watched. Then I went to the sofa, sat, and spread my legs wide. I didn't have to say a word, he dropped down between my legs and put his huge hands on my inner thighs, holding me open. Then his mouth was on me, licking me rapidly with his warm, wet tongue until I writhed. He moved to flicking that talented tongue repeatedly until I was panting.

"Put your fingers in me," I said. I stroked his hair and watched his handsome face as he worked my clit.

He obeyed quickly, thrusting two fingers deep inside me. My body clenched around them and pleasure unfurled inside me.

He drove them deeper and sucked my clit. He drew on it repeatedly as he jammed his fingers inside me.

I came, moaning his name.

I led him up the steps, and he followed just as eager as before. In my room, I pointed to the bed. "On your back if you please."

He smiled, apparently pleased, and I couldn't help but laugh at his expression.

I told him that I like to start on top, and he didn't register any complaints. He got on the bed, and his cock stood straight up like a divining rod. I hummed softly, excited by his eagerness and hardness. I climbed onto the bed and dragged my mouth down his shaft a few times just to amuse myself. Then I straddled him and positioned his cockhead at my drippy slit.

I slid down him with ease. I was so turned on by my new friend I was soaked. He clawed my breasts, pinching my nipples hard, and gasped when he felt my pussy clench around him at the sensation.

I started to sway atop him, grinding the tip of his dick against my insides. I repeatedly pulled up and nearly off him before sliding back down, until we both shuddered. I pushed my hands to his firm chest, and he grabbed my hips as I rocked. His fingers pressed into my flesh as he thrust up from beneath me, eager to get even deeper. It wasn't possible.

I rode him, moving from side to side atop him, so my clit sang. I squeezed him with my pussy muscles again, and he groaned.

I was ready to explode, but I didn't want my young playmate to finish yet. I still wanted him to fuck me from behind, so I needed him to last.

I pinched his nipple hard between my fingernails, hoping he'd react and back away from his peak at the same time. He yelped, probably more from surprise than pain, and slammed up from beneath me once more. That was what I needed, that quick desperate thrust.

I came, relishing the feel of my pussy spasming around his cock and the wetness gracing his crotch and my upper thighs.

I caught my breath, barely moving, and Roger held my hips like I might fly away. I climbed off him and got on my hands and knees beside him.

I wagged my ass and said, "Come on, cowboy. Back in the saddle."

He groaned like a broken man but

moved like an enthusiastic one. He slid his fingers inside me first as if testing me.

"You're so fucking wet," he said. "I've never seen anyone get this wet."

"Take it as a compliment," I said. "But take it as great lube, too. Put that cock back inside me, Roger. Fuck me until you come."

He took me up on it. He pushed his cock inside me, and I drove myself back along his shaft, loving each desperate plunge.

"There," I said, moving with him. "Right there. Just like that."

Holding my hips tightly, he pulled me toward him, and it all got better. I hadn't thought that possible. I reached beneath my body and pinched my clit.

"Yeah, I feel that," he said.

I took my fingertips and tickled at his balls with them before going back to my throbbing clitoris. I pinched it again, gave it a swirl, and pinched it yet again. My pulse pounded in that tiny organ like a drum.

I was so fucking close.

He pumped me hard, his hands guiding my hips back toward him with every thrust. His breath was a runaway

train. He made a noise that told me he was close, and I clenched my internal muscles around him. He groaned like a doomed man.

He pressed his finger to my asshole but didn't put it in. Just the fact that it loomed there, ready to penetrate me, pushed me over the edge. I pinched my clit one more time and came with a cry that hurt my own ears.

"Jesus...fuck..." was all he managed to say, and then I felt him pull free of me. I also felt the warm splash of his come on the backs of my thighs and my ass as he gave his own cry.

I looked over my shoulder. "I sure am glad you came, Roger."

He gave me a boyish grin. "That makes two of us."

-C.K., via email

If you've ever gotten lucky with a friend's mom, take our advice: Don't tell your friend—tell us! And, Mom, you can tell us your secrets, too! Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department MILF, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.





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CABIN FEVER

Katy's beautiful body and all the great sex we'd once had were all I could think about as I drove down the monotonous country road. But she would be getting married the following afternoon, and I was supposed to be there. I'd hoped I could drive straight through the night, but the late hour was getting the better of me.

So, in a state of addled horniness I pulled off the two-lane road and found myself at a quaint rural resort. In the moonlight, I could see it was a bunch of cabins scattered halfway up a scenic hillside.

Memories of Katy continued to burn in my thoughts as I parked and walked to the check-in office. My ex was a fantastically lovely woman, lean but muscular. I vividly remembered the feel of her tits, the taste of her pussy. Recollections of her skillful mouth on my cock had been dogging me as I'd traveled through the night.

Our relationship had ended years ago, and I didn't begrudge her current happiness with the man she was going to

marry. I was a good enough sport to be attending the wedding, after all. But the old times were haunting me.

Bleary eyed, I entered the office. Standing at the desk, being waited on by the clerk, was a woman in a snug-fitting dress, with a taut body and generous breasts. She had rich dark hair, and with her face turned away, I thought it was Katy. I was shocked for a split second, but I quickly realized that my mind must have been playing tricks on me.

She turned toward me, and I saw—of course—it wasn't her. But her face was as elegant as her physique, and when she smiled, my horniness spiked. My cock stirred in my slacks, and I approached the desk.

"Hello, weary traveler," the woman said.

"Hello, yourself," I answered, suddenly feeling wide awake.

We chatted as the inn's clerk got her key, then set me up with a cabin and placed mine on the counter as well. Still, we lingered. I was captivated by this beautiful stranger.

She said her name was Selena. I got a flirty vibe off of her, and for a minute I thought this was going to turn into one of those improbable hookups.

But that would have been too perfect, I supposed, with her looking something like Katy and all. We said good night and headed off into the night. At least Selena's image had nearly overtaken Katy's. That was an improvement, I figured.

Vehicles stayed in the parking lot by the road, so I had to hike up to my cabin. The scenery and charm of the place were lost on me at the moment. I finally reached my place, which wasn't easy to find in the darkness. Already annoyed by the trek—and a little sexually frustrated—I was doubly pissed off when my key gave me trouble.

With a start, I noticed its number didn't match the cabin—but the cabin's number was the one the clerk had said was mine.

Great. I had the wrong fucking key.

I started down the winding paths, watching my footing in the sparse moonlight. I got lost, which riled me further. Then I turned a corner and almost ran into someone. I jumped back, startled. Then I saw who it was.

Selena dangled a key by one finger. "I think there's been a mix-up," she said. Before I could answer, she added, "You want to come have a drink with me?"

That sounded like the best idea in the world. I grinned and followed her. At her cabin we exchanged keys, and she opened her door.

The little structure had a surprisingly lavish interior, with oiled wood everywhere. I couldn't help glancing at the big soft-looking bed as Selena took a bottle of booze from her stylish suitcase and poured us a couple of neat drinks.

"So where are you headed to?" she asked in that same flirty tone.

I almost lied, but that didn't seem right. Still, when I told her about the wedding happening the next day, I fairly glossed over Katy. Somehow, though, Selena caught something in my voice.

"Pining for the bride-to-be?" She flashed me a cheeky grin.

I shrugged, embarrassed.





She set aside her glass. We were sitting close together, and she leaned forward in her chair and touched my knee. "If ever there was a time for letting go..."

Her touch sent excitement shooting through me. She looked damn good in that dress, but I suspected she would look even better out of it. Still, I didn't make any assumptions. I reached over and lightly set my hand on her knee. My heart was thumping fast.

She smiled and leaned toward me. Still thinking this was a little too perfect, I touched my lips to hers. Our kiss started out delicate, almost chaste, then she pressed her mouth harder on mine. Her hand wound around the back of my neck, and abruptly our lips were parting, our tongues tussling. She moaned hungrily into my mouth.

Her hand slid quickly up my thigh and landed on my crotch, where my cock was swelling to its neediest dimensions. I boldly reached for her left tit, grabbing the firm mound as she fondled my steel-hard dick through my slacks.

We rose from the chairs, still kissing and groping. Our fingers hurriedly

**"SELENA CRIED
OUT, AND THEN
HER BODY
QUIVERED AS AN
ORGASM WRACKED
HER BODY."**

worked zippers and buttons. Our clothes went flying into every corner of the cabin. Her naked body was gorgeous. I was delighted with the sight of her trim but supple form.

Together, we headed to the bed. She pushed me down diagonally across the broad quilt-covered mattress. With a predatory look on her face, she crawled up onto the bed after me.

She lay down between my legs, my inner thighs nestled against her shoulders. She caressed my cock again. The feel of her hand was thrilling, soft

and cool. With her mouth hanging open, she lowered my head and began sucking on my balls.

The suction she applied to my nutsack was awesome. She softly took my shaved pouch between her lips, bathing it with her tongue. Her hand slowly pumped my shaft, making me groan.

Finally, she lifted her head and focused on my cockhead, flicking her tongue against it before her mouth closed over my knob. She started sucking her way down my staff. Again, she knew just how much pressure to give.

I watched with excitement as her head bobbed up and down. Her tongue continued to weave around my shaft as she took my head into her throat repeatedly.

I had to call out a warning and shouted, "I'm gonna come!"

But she seemed unaffected by my outburst and didn't pull away. Helplessly, I erupted. I shot one stream after another, and she swallowed my load. The pleasure was insanely intense, making my head whirl.

But Selena gave me no opportunity to regroup. I was still dizzy when she

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climbed up my body, with a bead of jizz seeping from a corner of her mouth. She nudged me into a more lengthwise position on the bed, then perched her shaved pussy over my face and lowered her juicy twat onto my willing mouth.

I licked her folds, then delved inside her hot box. But her clit was swollen and waiting for my tongue, so I shifted my attack northward.

Selena reached down and grabbed me, pressing the heels of her hands against my temples. She started grinding her pussy hard on my face. I took hold of her by her shapely hips and pulled her down on me even more firmly. She writhed, bucking as if on a bronco's saddle.

I stabbed harder at her clit, and even gave the tasty bud a little careful nibbling with my teeth. Selena cried out, and then her beautiful body quivered as an orgasm wracked her body. Then she slipped off me with a sigh.

Panting, I wiped my wet chin. Selena lay alongside me, watching and grinning. Eating her out had gotten me turned on all over again. My cock was steadily thickening. When she wrapped her fingers around my meaty shaft, I became totally erect once more.

I started to sit up, but she put her hand to my chest and pushed. I lay back again as she climbed over me again, this time

"I WATCHED THE EXCITEMENT BUILD ON HER FACE AS SHE RACED TOWARD SATISFACTION."

straddling my hips. She fitted my cock against her pussy entrance, and I felt my shaft slide up into her silky hole.

Not wasting a second, she started bouncing on me. Her lean muscles stood out along her thighs as her knees bent and she worked her body. I reached up and leisurely caressed her tits while she did all the hard work. I tweaked her hard nips and watched the excitement build on her face as she raced toward satisfaction.

She began to seriously buck on me, like a woman possessed. She twerked even harder than when she was atop my face. She bobbed nimbly up and down, breathing heavily and chanting "oh!" I lifted my hips forcefully to meet each of her downward plunges,

crashing my body against hers.

Another cry came but soon died on her lips as her second climax rendered her speechless. I loved how she shivered helplessly.

Afterward, she went slack again. I eased her onto her back, then settled over her. Her eyelids fluttered, then sprang open wide as I slammed my cock into her cunt. Instantly, her arms flew up around my neck, and her athletic legs wrapped my waist.

I went at her hard with steady forceful thrusts as her embrace kept our bodies so close. My whole body was buzzing, even my bones seemed to vibrate beneath my skin. I fucked Selena relentlessly, and her every counter-thrust told me it was what she wanted. I buried my cock in her pussy, again and again, the fleshy smacks of our bodies nearly drowning out the thunderous beats of my heart.

My balls clenched just ahead of my second explosion of the night, and Selena gasped as my hot spunk erupted inside her. My release tore through me and left me thoroughly sated. I wouldn't think of Katy again until the next morning.

Later, as we lay nuzzling, she said, "I guess it's a good thing I switched our keys on purpose, huh?"

—K.A., via email

🕒 DISPLAY MODEL

As is often the case in retail, post-holidays are all about blowouts, winter clearances and other enticing things to get people to spend more of their hard-earned money. I was doing my part, papering the front window of the store for a big display, when I caught someone watching me. It was well past midnight, and I'd stayed behind after the place closed so I could get things set up the way I wanted

them without people underfoot.

I didn't pay much mind to the guy outside at first. People often watched me from the street, which was where I'd gotten the brilliant idea to hype up the display a little by covering the window in brown paper with a tiny note that read, "COMING SOON." I usually left the sign up for a day or two while I got my display set up just as I liked it. I tend to be a bit of a perfectionist, and drumming up some drama never hurt business.

I continued taping the brown paper to the glass, going up and down a ladder so I could reach the tippy-top. When I glanced back down, my voyeur was leaning against a light post, with his ankles and arms crossed. He watched me with a small smile on his face.

I realized my arms were up, and my belly was exposed a few inches above my well-worn jeans. I was in my late-night work clothes: old jeans, a well-loved sweatshirt that should be in the trash and high-top sneakers. My hair was up in a messy bun.

"Not much to look at, buddy," I muttered to myself.

Then I dropped my roll of tape.

"Shit"

I climbed down, hunting for it. I couldn't find it. I blew out a frustrated breath, resigning myself to the fact that I'd have to go into the office and search for another roll. The odds of me finding one quickly were minimal. My coworkers often swiped supplies and squirreled them away in secret hidey-holes. I brushed my bangs off of my forehead and groaned.

Then there was a rap on the window.

I looked up to see light-post guy. He grinned at me, and something in my stomach grew warm and buzzy. He pointed to the corner of the display, and there was my tape. It had landed beneath a desk I'd put in the window. It was an oversized version of an old-fashioned elementary school desk. And it was spectacular.

I let out a grateful little squeal and

clapped my hands. I bent to retrieve the tape and straightened up to face him.

"Thank y—" I began to say, but my voice died when I saw that he'd pressed a piece of paper to the window.

"You're beautiful," the message on it read.

I felt my cheeks grow hot. I looked away from him, embarrassed. He had to be visually impaired. He rapped the window again and must have yelled, because I heard him though it was faint: "You are."

I didn't know what to say.

He pointed to the brown paper hanging on the glass. "Want help?" he yelled.

I meant to say no. I meant to say I was working. I meant to politely decline. Instead, I said, "Come to the side door. In the alley." I pointed to the left.

I let him in, and he told me his name was Nick. We shook hands, and he surprised me by gently tugging me in for a kiss.

"Come on. Let's tape those windows," he said, before telling me he'd seen my completed displays but had never seen me actually working on them.

I led him back to the window, and

together we put up a large swatch of paper.

"Looks fantastic." He was eyeing my ass as he spoke.

My face was so hot I thought it would burst into flames. I tried to compose myself and told him he was a great liar.

He stepped back from the glass to look at our work. The window was nearly covered. "One more piece should do it—and I'm not lying at all you *are* fantastic."

He climbed up the ladder, and I handed him the last piece of paper to tape. His crotch was at my eye level, and I studied what was clearly a bulge. I'm not the most forward girl, but something about this guy. My God, something about him revved my engine.

I stifled a laugh with my palm as the thought hit me. He looked down at me and raised an eyebrow before asking me what had given me the giggles.

As an answer, I reached out and popped the button on his jeans. He put up a final piece of tape and moved as if to step down, but I told him to stay on the ladder.

I pulled down his zipper. Then I pushed my fingers through the front of his boxer briefs and pulled his cock free.



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He was already totally hard.

I moved closer, taking him into my mouth, and I shivered a little when he moaned. I slid my mouth down his length and inhaled his tempting scent. I sucked him slowly, listening to the sounds he made, watching his body shift on the ladder. His hand came down atop my head, but he didn't push or pull. He simply rested it there.

I managed to push my mouth all the way to the base of his cock. And then he said, "I'd like this to go beyond a blowjob so you'd better stop. Or I won't be going anywhere but off."

I pulled back and looked up at him. I knew my cheeks were blazing red, but it felt good to be so bold.

He stepped down and wrapped his arms around me and hauled me forward. His kiss was warm and demanding, and it made my already wet pussy grow wetter.

Nick tugged my sweatshirt over my head and let it drop. I was braless underneath. I didn't need one past midnight, especially when I was working alone.

He bent to take my nipple in his mouth. He sucked hard, and I felt the

sensation from my breast to my cunt.

I hummed softly, and he did it again. A steady pulse of pleasure had started deep inside me. Next, he used his teeth, and I found myself bucking toward him, wanting him to touch me.

He gave me what I wanted, sliding his hand down into my jeans. I was bare beneath them, too. Nick groaned, throwing in another "fantastic" as he expressed his appreciation over my lack of undergarments.

I was about to laugh, but then he pushed a finger inside me, working it in and out, and the laugh turned into a pleased sigh.

Next, he added a second finger, and I pushed my cunt down to meet him.

"That couch over there," he said, nudging me toward it.

I resisted at first as he continued probing me with his fingers. "Paper," I gasped wanting to let him lead me anywhere. "We have to put down paper first, so we don't ruin it. I don't want to get fired."

He chuckled and sucked my other nipple while flexing his fingers. I thought my knees would buckle. He unfastened my jeans and pushed them down. I

stepped out of them. I watched him reveal the rest of his lean, muscular body and died a little when a hunk of his brown hair fell across his brow making him look sexy and mischievous.

He ripped off a piece of paper from the big roll, and I watched him move—confident and fit—his cock leading the way as he approached the small settee. There, he draped the paper over it. I stifled another laugh.

He warned me that if I kept giggling at him, he would get a complex. I assured him I was laughing at myself as I moved toward him.

He sat down and held out a hand. I went to him, and he pulled me down which made the paper crinkle loudly. We both chuckled at that. He lay back and tugged my arm until I got the hint. I straddled his face and lowered myself slowly, watching his eyes as he swept his tongue across my clit, flicking it casually.

Something about the boldness of his gaze and the lazy drag of his tongue—as if he had all the time in the world—turned me on so much that I was barely holding on. I lowered myself a little more, and his tongue dipped into my wet entrance. Then he traced my outer lips and nibbled around my clitoris until I thought I'd lose my mind. I moaned, and he laughed. He went back to his lovely lapping swirls and licks, and then I came, stifling my cry with my hand.

I moved quickly, dying to get his cock inside me. I hovered over him, and he dragged the tip along my slit. I watched him watching me, and my nipples spiked in arousal. Then I sank down slowly, very slowly, feeling his cock stretch me wide as I slid down his erection. When he was inside me fully, he put his hands up and I clasped them. I bucked against him, pushing against his hands to keep my rhythm as I moved.

Stroking steadily from beneath me, he told me in a needy voice that I was beautiful, and I felt my aroused flush





grow warmer. I responded by pumping on him harder. Through grunts of exertion, I asked if he thought flattery was still necessary, but then he shushed me. Something in his voice told me to let it go. Instead, I concentrated on moving my hips from side to side, grinding against him to make my swollen clit sing with pleasure.

I groaned and squeezed my pussy tight. I could feel I was getting close. As though he sensed it, too, he thrust up from beneath with more speed and urgency. I sobbed with pleasure. He maintained his pace, keeping it up until he pushed me over the edge. I came with a shudder. I could feel how wet I was, not just my pussy but also the tops of my thighs.

He tipped me to the side and got out from under me easily. Then he positioned himself above me, and I raised my thighs up high, opening my body to him. He slid into me with ease. I grabbed his shoulders and held him tight as he nailed me.

"You're so fucking wet."

I was—thanks to him. I bit his shoulder and felt him tense. I forced my hips up and took him deeper. I bit him again and began squeezing my pussy tightly around him some more.

Nick clutched my hips and drove into me with a grunt. He continued to pump me vigorously, grunting and groaning until he climaxed a few minutes later.

We lay there panting, listening to the paper crinkling beneath us as we shifted.

While we relaxed, he asked me how long until I took the paper down

"I SANK DOWN SLOWLY, FEELING HIS COCK STRETCH ME AS I SLID DOWN HIS ERECTION."

from the window. I told him that the display would be finished the next night, but it would not be unveiled until the following morning. I let him know he was welcomed to come again tomorrow evening as long as he brought along a blanket.

He accepted my invitation.

—C.D., New York, New York

ON POINTE

The first time I saw Nadia, she came soaring onstage and stole the show. She is an incredibly talented dancer, which means she's also very fit and flexible. It wasn't long before she was the star of my cock-stiffening fantasies.

Then days before the opening performance, our director ordered extra rehearsals for the star—and demanded one crew member remain to light the stage for her. I jumped at the chance to

stay behind and spend some time with the beautiful ballerina. She looked so grateful that I'd volunteered I almost felt guilty about my ulterior motive. Almost.

Nadia appeared onstage wearing a sports bra and tiny spandex shorts that left the lower curves of her ass cheeks exposed. I shifted in my seat, needing to make room for my growing erection.

As the music played and Nadia flew through her routine, my mind began to wander. Soon I wasn't seeing Nadia onstage, but beneath me in bed. Those supple curves mine to explore.

And then I missed my cue.

"Spotlight," Nadia shouted.

Shaking my head to clear the daydream, I scrambled to move the spotlight, shining it directly in Nadia's eyes in the process.

She hit the floor, shielding her face.

I jumped out from behind the lighting board and ran toward the stage. By the time I reached Nadia, she was laying on the floor laughing. She held her hands out to me, and I pulled her back up.

Nadia gave me a playful slap on the chest. "You blinded me!"

Clearing my throat, I wracked my brain for a clever lie.

"I'm so sorry. I got distracted when the director called. He wanted to make sure we had the keys to lock up."

"Oh...now that you're here onstage, could you do me a favor? There is this knot in my shoulder that's killing me." She reached around to rub her shoulder, shooting me an innocent look. "Would you mind rubbing it out for me?"

My mouth went dry, and I nodded.

"Yeah, no problem." I pressed into the rock-hard muscle, circling my thumb to relieve the tension.

Nadia leaned into me, closing her eyes and purring. "Mmm, you have magical hands."

I grunted. That seemed like the safest answer.

"I wonder what else they can do. Tell me, Tim, are you a tit man?" She pulled my hand from her shoulder and placed

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it on her belly before sliding it up to her breast. "Or maybe you're more of an assman?" She moved my hand around to her tiny butt.

Nadia's boldness—and her body—made my erection throb. I tried to angle my hips away before she felt my boner, but the moment I began to move, her hand gripped my hip.

"Trying to get away from me?" she asked mischievously. Before I could reply, she rose onto her left toe, spun and hooked her right leg around my hip to "capture" me. "I got lucky when you volunteered to help me tonight," she murmured against my lips. "Would you like to help me with something other than lighting?"

There was only one way to answer that question. I grabbed Nadia's ass, gripping her cheeks as I lifted her and pressed her against me. She was as light as you'd expect, seeming weightless to my strong arms. Her legs wrapped around my waist, and I smiled, anticipating the moment when I would finally plunge my dick inside her.

I took her mouth with my own. She returned the kiss, more than willingly. Her lips parted eagerly, allowing my tongue entry. She was warm, wet and welcoming—a condition I looked forward to encountering again, very soon. I carried her over to the platform set upstage. It was the perfect height, level with my groin.

Once I had Nadia seated, I stepped

"WHEN SHE STARTED RUBBING HER PUSSY AGAINST MY FINGERS, I KNEW IT WAS TIME."

back and allowed myself a moment to really take her in. Her lips were red and swollen from our kiss, and her every breath was choppy, almost as if she was panting. I decided the sports bra should be the first thing to go.

Teasing my fingers along the elastic band, I wordlessly asked Nadia's permission to remove it. She nodded, lifting her arms over her head to help me dismantle the only barrier between me and her tiny tits.

I admired her pert, caramel-colored nipples, longing to suck on them. They beaded up hard under my gaze, like her body was acknowledging my interest. The time had come to finally feel Nadia skin-to-skin. I gently palmed her breasts and brushed my thumbs across her nipples, enjoying the way her breath hitched in response to each and every stroke.

As Nadia rubbed her hands along my shoulders, I finally allowed myself to take a taste of one erect bud, flicking my tongue across it before taking it between my lips and nibbling her with my teeth. Nadia's hands moved to my back, her fingernails scraping along shoulders as I rolled the tight little nub between my lips.

Then I kissed a short trail to her other breast, wanting to give her other nipple the same treatment. With my lust level ever rising, she tasted even better the second time around. I bit down gently, reveling in the sound of every single moan. When her pelvis pressed hard against mine, I drew my fingers from her breast down her perfectly flat abs, taking a direct path to her pussy.

When my hand skidded to a stop at the junction of her thighs, I stroked my thumb along the seam of her shorts, using the straight line to plot a path to her clit. Her hips twitched, and she let out a shaky breath. When she started rubbing her pussy against my fingers, I knew it was time for those shorts to exit the stage.

I slipped my fingers into the waistband of her tiny pants and tugged, my eyes settling greedily on a sheer red thong. A thin landing strip of hair peeked at me through the material, making my cock stand at attention.

I sank to my knees in front of Nadia before pulling the crotch of her undies to the side. My tongue darted across her folds. I licked a path from her clit down into her slit, then back up again, loving the way she trembled under my touch.

Nadia pressed her muffin against my mouth as she relaxed. Every sigh, every moan, every lift of her hips only made me hotter and hungrier. As my tongue continued to circle her clit, I grew more desperate.

With her reactions egging me on, I ate Nadia with more determination. I teased my tongue at her entrance, tickling her before plunging inside. She groaned in frustration, squirming impatiently. She seemed desperate to come, which was a



total turn-on. My teasing was spurring her forward, as well.

When Nadia grabbed my head and yanked it hard between her thighs, I went with it. After a few more lazy laps along her slit, I slid my tongue up to her clit, rolling it against the delicious little button while sliding a finger deep inside her pussy. Nadia reclined slightly, supporting herself with her arms and letting her head fall back. She thrust her hips against my finger and fucked herself on it. I slipped another inside her, then a third. She cried out more desperately with her every thrust.

Nadia's cunt gripped my fingers, and I took that as my cue to work my tongue even faster over her clit. Before long, she came. Every quiver and ripple of her pussy reverberated along my fingers, each little spasms providing evidence my efforts hadn't been in vain.

I pulled Nadia into my arms, planting a messy kiss on her lips. She broke it off quickly in favor of relieving me of my clothes. I was debriefed in record time and ready for our dirty pas de deux. A quick sweep of my palms over Nadia's thighs pushed her legs open wide, and I sank into her easily, finding her more warm, more wet, and more welcoming than before. The feeling was heavenly.

Careful to keep my enthusiasm in check, I started her off slowly so that I could feel every ripple and twitch of her cunt as it stretched to accommodate my dick. I gradually picked up the pace, and before long had settled into a good rhythm.

Rather than wind her legs around my hips, Nadia leaned back against the platform and parted her legs even wider until she was doing a full split against my pelvis. She was still wearing her ballet slippers, with satin ribbons criss-crossing up her calves.

I gripped Nadia's thighs and pistoned into her pussy like a tireless machine, steadily gaining force and speed as my most primitive hunger consumed me. Nadia moaned my name, drawing out the single syllable the longest I'd ever heard. It was as good as applause to me.

Sliding my hands from Nadia's thighs to her hips, I held on tight and used them as leverage while I drove into her. She moaned with every pounding thrust. The sounds of her pleasure mixed with my own, as I grunted through the strain that burned in my legs. I was aware of the pain, but I didn't really feel it. I was overwhelmed by a rush of sex-fueled pleasure that drove my hips backward and forward relentlessly.

Nadia reclined further backward, adjusting her arms so her elbows rested on the stage instead of her hands. The change of position was enough to set me off, and I felt my climax beginning to roar through me. Struggling to catch my breath, I slammed into Nadia again, with all of my might. She tilted her head back and moaned as come burst from me in hot torrents.

I tried to moan her name for her, as she had done for me, but the last syllable got lost in my throat. All I managed was a long guttural: "Na-di."

When the last of my spasms finally subsided, I collapsed next to Nadia. There would be plenty of time to rehearse her routine throughout the night. In the meantime I just wanted to lay next to the dancer that leapt from my fantasies right into my arms.

-T.T., via email

The encounter you've always dreamed about could happen anytime. When it does, jump on it! And after you've jumped, tell us about it! Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department S, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.



HANDYMAN

ABBY AND ELLA WERE HAPPY TO FIND RAMON
COULD FIX ALL THEIR PROBLEMS.





“RAMON HAD THE ONE PART
WE WERE MISSING!”

—ABBY





















TOP 10 REASONS TO HAVE A THREESOME

10. Being bored in the bedroom spells disaster.
9. Pushing your boundaries can be liberating.
8. You'll get to see fantasies come to life. #nofilters
7. The encounter will refill your spank bank.
6. More people means more orgasms.
5. Extra hands will help you discover new pleasures.
4. You'll become an expert at multitasking.
3. You've been dreaming about it for years.
2. Being naughty can be extra nice.
1. Life's too short for regrets—don't hold back!



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VARIATIONS

EDITOR'S NOTE

THIS month we're getting to the bottom of our readers' kinkiest fantasies at *Penthouse Variations*!

Jack Raymond sets himself apart from novice masters and unveils the secret passion behind his dominant desires in "At First Blush." While Colleen McConnell finally connects with her hunky neighbor and makes his dirty dreams come true in "Backdoor Boyfriend."

A pair of demanding dommes take control in this issue's Female Domination letters—with one making sure her slave earns the right to pleasure her, while the other "forces" her hubby to endure the exquisite agony of watching her with another man.

Wide World of Variations brings up the rear with a trio of thrilling tales, including a science geek with the formula for an explosive encounter, a pair of lovers who make sweet music in an alley behind a jazz club and two couples who prove more is definitely merrier!

Do you have a kinky confession? Send your story to: letters@penthouse.com.





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❶ HER BAD BOY

Most women would love to date a man who lives to eat pussy. But in my world, I live to have a boyfriend who *earns* mine. Yes, Peter adores going down on me. It's one of his favorite things to do. But even more important is his desire to earn the right to pleasure me.

Five days a week, my beau wears an expensive suit and a designer tie and takes charge of boardroom meetings like nobody's business. At nights, he wears a collar and sometimes a leash, and he takes charge of nothing at all. That's not entirely factual. He takes charge of his libido. He takes charge of how hard his cock is and whether or not the blood is entirely drained from his brain to his dick. It's important for him not to let lust make his decisions for him. If he is able to control his urges, to rein in his desires, then I reward him. If not, then he wins my wrath. But what's most exciting is that we can never tell how an evening will unfold.

One night, I arrived home to find Peter already waiting for me. He was clad in a pair of charcoal drawstring sweats, no shirt and a leather collar. I could tell he needed me to take the edge off for him. But I didn't yet know exactly what he wanted.

"Rough day at work?" I asked casually, standing before him in the living room. He dropped to his knees at my side. I petted his head almost absentmindedly, running my fingers through his thick blond hair. I've noticed that the more difficult a day he has, the more he desires to submit.

"I don't want to talk about work," he said quietly.

"Then what would you like to talk about?" I asked, my fingers now tracing over the collar around his throat. I thought of him buckling the leather strip into place. How different that collar is from one of his professional-looking silk ties.

"Your pussy," he said meekly.

I hid a grin. I love talking about my snatch.

"What about my pussy?"

"How much I want to lick it," he said humbly. "Lick it, and please you, Mistress. All I want to do is please you. I want to stick my tongue up in you. I want to lap at your clit."

Inwardly, I sighed. I wanted everything he said. Peter knows how to work his mouth to bring me to the most incredible heights. He loves to deliver soft, slow strokes with his tongue until I clamp my thighs tightly, squeezing him and holding him in place so he won't stop

**"HE LOVES TO
DELIVER SLOW
STROKES WITH
HIS TONGUE
UNTIL I CLAMP
MY THIGHS."**

until I climax. He also knows how much I appreciate a perfect rim job. There's more to licking ass than simply licking ass, and Peter understands this fact. We've spent many pleasurable hours with me squatting over his mouth while he traces circles around my rosy asshole. I've reached climax from this action alone, with no further stimulation of my clit. An asshole orgasm is one of the most intense experiences.

But because of our relationship, I couldn't immediately let him get what he wanted. As much as I might have desired to melt onto the floor and allow him to rip off my dress and go down on me, I needed him to jump through a hoop or two first. So is the relationship of a sub

and a domme. At least where this sub and domme were concerned.

That would be difficult, though, because his words had riled me up. Undaunted, I led him to the bedroom and cuffed him to the chair across from the bed. The chair is positioned to face the mattress. When Peter is tethered there, he can see everything that goes on in front of him, but he can't participate.

Once he was securely bound, I began to strip in front of him as I asked, "You want to lick my pussy?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" came the immediate response.

"This pussy?" I queried, pushing my hips forward so he could get a good look at my box.

"Oh God, yes," he sighed. I twirled a fingertip inside my snatch and then spread my juices across Peter's lips. He swallowed hard but didn't lick my flavor away until I gave him permission. As soon as I did, he ran his tongue along his lips and savored the salty smear of flavor.

"You can lick my pussy when I'm ready to let you lick my pussy," I told him. Truthfully, I was plenty ready, but didn't want him to know that yet. "First, you can watch as I play with myself."

His dick was fully erect; I could see it tenting his sweats. I wanted to touch him, but that would have given him too much pleasure. I couldn't reward him so quickly; he needed to earn his release.

While his eyes followed my every move, I lay back on the bed, and I spread my thighs wide apart. Peter gazed at me through sex-glazed eyes. His cock seemed to be swelling even more. I could almost feel the heat coming off him in waves. *My beautiful sub*, I thought. *All you want to do is please me.*

Knowing exactly how to drive Peter out of his mind, I pretended he wasn't even there as I started to touch myself. Peter exhaled hard, and his eyes were locked on my cunt. I could tell he wanted his tongue in me. He would've licked away every stray drop of my honey if I let him.

But instead of allowing him to do so, I licked my own fingers. He muttered, "Fuck..."

"Excuse me?"

"That's not fair," he said, almost under his breath. I was thrilled. He was misbehaving. Now, I had something to work with. When he's too easy, too malleable, I have to struggle. But he was pressing my buttons on purpose, the naughty boy.

"Who said anything about fair?"

"Fair" really isn't a word that defines any part of our relationship.

He looked down in shame. He knew he should have bit his tongue, but sometimes submission is difficult for Peter. Sometimes he has to whip himself into a type of internal frenzy before he can give in. The way he'd presented himself to me that evening had been nothing but a facade. He'd been subbing on the surface, while he was still secretly self-serving on the inside.

I rubbed my pussy harder and faster. Peter's lust showed all over his face as he tried to lift his hips and hump in desperation.

"Did I say you could move? Did I give you permission to squirm?"

He shook his head, his cheeks sporting hot pink circles.

"No, Mistress," he muttered. "You did not."

"Apparently, you've forgotten how to behave. Let's have a refresher course."

I got off the bed and untied him before yanking off his pants, then I cuffed him to the bedposts. His aroused dick pointed upward. Because I'm not actually made of stone, I couldn't help myself; I gave his bulbous mushroom head a quick squeeze. He shivered all over but remained quiet. I think he was a little concerned. The fact that I had him tied again meant I was not done topping him. I knelt over him and let him get a good look at my pussy. It was shaved totally bare. I pulled my nether lips apart. Peter was looking right up at



me. I stroked my clit. He moaned aloud. I drove two fingers inside myself, and he whimpered wordlessly.

I started to make the speedy rotations against my clit that always take me to the edge. I was taking care of all my own needs without any assistance from Peter. He was mere inches away from my box, and he couldn't do anything about it.

"Let me lick your pussy!" he begged.

But he wouldn't get to lick my pussy until I was ready to let him. And I wasn't.

Instead, I grabbed one of my vibrators from the dresser and stood with one foot on either side of Peter's head. I looked down at him. He was desperate. I liked that look. I was happy he revealed it to me. All day long, he wears his businessman's aura like a cloak. In our private world, he is stripped down to his base level of yearning and exposes his true submissive self.

While he watched, I licked the tip of the vibrator and then thrust it inside

my snatch. The dark purple wand disappeared all the way to the base. Peter released an almost pathetic groan. That gave me a kinky idea. I fetched my ball gag and rubbed it against my wet pussy. Then I buckled the gag into place between his lips. Now, he could taste my juices on the rubber ball, but he wouldn't be able to beg any longer.

I repositioned myself above him on the mattress and started to thrust the toy in and out of my cunt. Peter made slurping noises. I drove the vibe inside my cunt and pulled it back out. He tried to twist on the bed, but I'd cuffed him well and the bindings held fast.

"Peter, you're not going to have a shot at my pussy until I come."

He tossed his head back and forth in frustration. I continued working my toy but with greater intensity—really fucking myself—and then, in a flash of white-hot bliss, I came.

My pussy was practically dripping,

VARIATIONS

▷ FEMALE DOMINATION LETTERS



and his eyes were riveted on my sloppy snatch. He would have lapped up my juices if he could, I know. But gagged as he was, that was impossible. I took pity on him and removed the gag. Then I squatted over his mouth. But he didn't move. Finally, he was behaving and waiting for my go-ahead.

"Peter, do you want to tongue-fuck me?"

His affirmative was muffled against my cunt, but I understood what he was trying to say. He was trying to say, "Yes, Mistress, yes!"

So I gave him permission. I let him do exactly what he'd wanted to do since I'd first arrived home. The very thing I'd most wanted him to do, as well.

I swiveled myself around so I could stroke his naked cock while he jammed his tongue in and out of me and furiously licked my clit, bringing me to a second climax in no time.

I kept my hand in motion on his shaft, even as he groaned against my wet flesh. With quick, expert strokes, I got him off and delighted in the sight of his come shooting from his shaft and splashing his belly.

In the end, we both got what we needed. As it should be. As it always is.

—M.R., Seattle, Washington

● HUMILIATED HUBBY

Johnny was big and handsome. I'd picked him up at the club, telling him there would be some "extra company" back at my place. Perhaps he had visions of a gal-gal-guy threeway dancing in his head as I took him up to my condo. But he'd replied that more were merrier, and my read was that he'd be a suitable prospect for the way my husband and I like to play. I was confident Johnny would come through, in the end. And I was right.

My new plaything followed me into the bedroom. Johnny was muscular, exuding an enticing sexual energy. He'd noticed my wedding ring at the dance club, but I'd told him I had an "understanding" husband. I didn't mention I was a very understanding wife.

I turned toward him at the foot of my marital bed, and he took me in his arms. I pressed my body against his brawn, feeling the swelling at his crotch. Our mouths came together; our kiss was deep and searching. His tongue was lively, and I liked the scrape of his stubble.

My hands roamed over his solid back, and he reached down to grope my ass through my tight skirt. My excitement spiked as wetness filled my pussy. I ground myself boldly against his hard-on,

then reached between us to undo his fly.

His cock sprang out into my hand, and I squeezed his luscious length. He growled with building lust. We parted to undress, and he gave an admiring smile when I tossed away my blouse, revealing my generous tits. He also eyed me hungrily as I dropped my skirt, ogling my shaved pussy. I gave his robust form a good study when he was out of his clothes. He was a fine specimen, almost exaggerated in his manliness.

I saw him glancing around the room, as if waiting for the promised "extras" to appear.

Grinning, I said, "Come out here now. See the man who's going to fuck me."

With that, the closet door opened and my naked husband crawled into the bedroom. He stopped several feet away, kneeling, and meekly gazed at the two of us standing in front of the bed. His cock was fully erect.

My husband is Patrick. He is almost the same size as me, with a trim body and gentle features. He was gazing at Johnny and me standing nude together. My hand was around Johnny's big cock, slowly pumping it.

"Johnny, this is my husband, Patrick," I said.

Johnny looked a little baffled.

"Not what I expected," he muttered in confession.

I sat down on the foot of the bed, facing Johnny's cock. I brought my tongue to his cockhead and lapped up a dribble of clear pre-come.

He shivered at the contact but was still flabbergasted by the presence of my naked husband, who was kneeling and watching us avidly. Patrick had a forlorn look on his face, but underneath it I saw a gleam of excitement in his eyes.

"Do you always keep him naked in the closet?" Johnny eventually asked.

I swirled my tongue around his swollen cockhead.

"That doesn't matter," I replied. "What does is that he's going to watch me suck

your gorgeous cock, Johnny. And you can tell Patrick how it feels.”

I wrapped my lips around Johnny’s dick, drawing in his thick length. My tongue explored his shaft as he stretched my maw into a big, cocksucker’s gape. I dropped my mouth all the way down to his hilt. My hand massaged his balls, squeezing gently.

Johnny, of course, could have pulled away and walked out any time he wanted. I looked up at him as I continued to glide my mouth up and down his staff. His handsome face still bore an uncertain look, but then he started to murmur, “Yeah...that’s so good. You suck...so good.”

Probably Johnny wasn’t used to having another naked man in the room while he got his cock sucked. But he seemed to be willing to give it a go. I worked him more intensely, taking his cockhead deep into my throat.

“Yeah!” Johnny said more forcefully as he began thrusting into my mouth. “Your wife sucks cock like a fucking pro! You like seeing my meat stuffing her face? Huh? Do you?”

I spared Patrick a look. His face was a study in anguish, but his cock was still twitchingly hard. I was glad Johnny was getting in the spirit of things.

It was difficult to pull my mouth off him, but I did. Panting, I lay back on the bed, spreading my dangling legs. My hairless

pussy glistened in anticipation.

“Fuck my cunt! I want him to see you screw me good!”

Johnny gave an animalistic cry and dove on me. His cock slammed in to the hilt; I gratefully took every inch, loving his brawn and power. I grinned again when I saw Johnny looking to the side to make sure Patrick was seeing everything.

I moaned as Johnny’s big cock reamed my pussy. I lifted my ass off the bed, meeting his hard strokes, thrust for thrust. Irrepressible pleasure welled inside me as my body vibrated with delight. Johnny hammered me fiercely, and I felt and heard the slap of his balls against my ass.

His features twisted, and he let out a guttural moan. My own climax followed as I felt his hot come spewing inside me. I shook from my orgasm.

Finally, we parted and he stumbled away from the bed, his swinging cock shiny with my juices. He looked satisfied, but I grinned again, because the night wasn’t over yet.

I glanced at Patrick. He’d just watched his wife getting plowed by another man. His lips quivered, like he wanted to speak but couldn’t quite get the words out.

“Crawl over here. Eat his come out of me,” I ordered.

Johnny seemed surprised, but he stayed back and watched Patrick crawl obediently to the foot of the bed. My spunk-filled pussy awaited him, and he brought his mouth to my slippery cunt lips. I grunted with renewing pleasure. He stuck his tongue into me, inescapably getting a taste of Johnny’s jizz.

“Not what I expected, either,” Johnny commented dryly.

Patrick’s head rocked up and down between my legs. I saw his face appear and disappear, his chin wet, white streaks of come clinging to his dutiful tongue. I ground my pussy against his face, savoring the moment.

Johnny’s cock grew hard once more. He was standing behind my husband. Patrick has a smooth, almost creamy body, virtually hairless. From where Johnny was watching, it might seem like it was a woman who was feasting on my spunk-loaded pussy.

I didn’t doubt this scene was still off the wall to Johnny on some level. But I’d had an inkling about him. He struck me as being open to unexpected experiences.

“MY SPUNK-FILLED PUSSY AWAITED HIM, AND HE BROUGHT HIS MOUTH TO MY CUNT.”



VARIATIONS

▷ FEMALE DOMINATION LETTERS



“I MASHED MY CROTCH AGAINST PATRICK’S EAGER MOUTH, MY PLEASURE MOUNTING.”

My marriage to Patrick had taught me that sexuality was a wild, unpredictable domain. There was nothing wrong with Patrick needing to be part of a scene like this. And I was a good devoted wife to him for participating as well.

Besides, I fucking loved our playtime!

Having planned ahead, I had a bottle of lube within reach. I squirted some onto my fingers, then reached over Patrick’s back and applied the unguent to his asshole. He shivered at the contact but kept licking my pussy.

Johnny eyed my husband’s butt hole, which must’ve been gleaming like a pearl. I hoped Johnny would be able to make the final leap, overcoming whatever misgivings he might have.

The invitation was plain, but I made it even clearer.

“Most men I bring here can’t resist his tight ass. Some like it even better than pussy.”

Patrick’s tongue worked faster as his excitement mounted. He was aware of everything that was happening, of course. He wanted it as badly as I did.

Johnny shrugged and rolled his eyes a little. Then, shaking his head slightly, he knelt behind my husband and jammed his fat cockhead against Patrick’s oiled hole. Breathlessly, I watched him sink himself into my husband’s behind.

I mashed my crotch against Patrick’s eager mouth, my pleasure mounting. Johnny pushed himself all the way into Patrick. The look of arousal on Johnny’s face was glorious. There was no chance he’d gone to the club that night with any thought that he’d be fucking a guy’s ass just a few hours later. He was indeed open to unexpected experiences.

And he was getting one. Johnny gripped Patrick around his trim waist and started dogging him in earnest. His cock plunged in and out of my husband’s asshole. I felt the thrusts as they were communicated along the conduit of Patrick’s smooth, flexing body, while he sucked the last drops of Johnny’s cream out of me.

Johnny had gotten to narrate the sexual exploits earlier. Now it was my turn. With a joyful groan, I said, “Yeah! Yeah! Fuck that ass!”

Johnny looked me in the eye and gave a grunt of exertion, but he fucked Patrick all the harder, pounding his ass like he’d hammered my pussy. His face and burly body were shiny with sweat. He looked so huge looming over my slender husband. Patrick only likes big guys like this for our extramarital play. He tells me he wants to feel small, like he’s being physically overwhelmed by the other man.

Johnny groaned loudly, then said, “Oh, fuck! I’m gonna come!”

I grabbed Patrick’s hair and rammed my pussy against his mouth one last time. A powerful climax rumbled through my body. White-hot ecstasy radiated from my pussy to every part of me.

My pleasure monopolized my attention, and I let go of Patrick’s hair as I collapsed onto the mattress. The afterglow surged over me, a feeling almost as intense as my second orgasm.

After a few seconds, I levered onto my elbows. Johnny had pulled Patrick upright, holding him around his chest with a muscular arm. He continued to plunder Patrick’s ass, his thrusts at a crazy tempo. Patrick’s cock remained achingly erect.

Then Johnny let loose with an orgasmic war cry, shooting his spunk into Patrick’s back channel. At the same instant, my husband erupted, his white cream flying from his cock in long, shimmering stripes.

He mouthed I love you to me, and I returned the words, my heart filled with happiness.

—J.G., via email

Are you in thrall to a demanding domme? What wicked games does she devise for you to play? Send us a letter praising her cruel intentions. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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“I CAN’T DENY IT. CINDY’S GOT
ME PUSSY-WHIPPED!”

—VICTORIA



FROM FIRST BLUSH

Jack's day of teasing leads to a red-hot night of passion.

By Jack Raymond

Spanking is an art form. That's what I've always thought. Perhaps the same can be said of many activities, but as with any art form, there are spanking novices and spanking masters. Those who dabble, and those who live, eat and breathe their art. I belong to the second type, of course.

Not only do I appreciate the subtleties required when paddling my wife's beautiful behind to bring forth a range of comely hues from pale pink to rosy red, I also get turned on by the instruments I use. Nothing makes my dick harder than to consider our collection of paddles, crops, quirts, floggers and belts. That is, nothing except actually delivering a spanking with one of those devices. I imagine a fine artist would feel excited when realizing a particular brush is perfectly suited to producing a desired effect. I feel the same way whenever I contemplate my tools and the potential uses I can find for them.

When I'm not actively engaged in spanking my hot-as-fuck wife, I'm fantasizing about an upcoming punishment session or mentally reliving one I've orchestrated. Yesterday, I was lost in the latter, practically working myself into a lather. I lay in bed staring at Stefanie, only having eyes for her ass, honestly. Because what an ass she has: heart-shaped half-moons, perfect for me to use as my canvas. That's what I told her as she moved past me in a thong that left nothing to the imagination. She might as well have been entirely naked. Except, I did admire the way her ass was divided—bisected so neatly by the pink lace. Not framed exactly, but adorned appropriately.

Stefanie studiously ignored me. She was standing by the edge of the bed,

staring into the closet, trying to choose her outfit for the day. At the moment, all she had on was that thong and a matching bra. Her thick, chestnut-brown hair was up in a loose ponytail, with a few tendrils slipping free in a messy, sexy style. There was a slight chill in the air, which made her rub her hands up and down her arms. She even hopped up and down a little in place to get her blood

**“SHE GAVE
HERSELF A
PLAYFUL SMACK.
IT WAS HARD
ENOUGH TO LEAVE
A PINK PRINT.”**

going. This got my blood going as well. Watching the bouncy parts of her body jiggle becomingly was extremely exciting.

I tried to coax her back to the bed with me for a quickie, but she shook me off.

“I've got an early morning meeting,” she said, more to the dress she was holding than to me.

“Pity you don't have time for an early morning ass-warming,” I replied in a matter-of-fact tone.

That got her attention, exactly as I'd hoped it would. She looked over her shoulder at me, her ponytail swinging lazily but her brown eyes lit with interest. Kink always turns her on. Even a lustful threat—or a sinister promise—is enough to get her juices flowing.

She arched her back slightly, shoving her adorable ass in my direction. Was that a dare? I reached out and stroked her gorgeous hindquarters, letting my fingertips wander along the lovely lines of her sassy ass cheeks. I even pulled the waistband of her thong out slightly and let the elastic slap back into place.

“Ow!” she squealed, but she was overacting—and we both knew it. The snap of elastic was nothing compared to what my hand would feel like against her pert bottom.

All I wanted to do was pull her back into the tangle of sheets with me and deliver a stinging spanking she would think about all day long, whenever she sat down. But I held myself in check, even though my cock was tenting the sheets, because I didn't want to rush.

Pleasure can simmer for a long time before hand actually meets skin. I know this from years of experience. So instead of spanking her right then, instead of sending her to work with a blistering bottom and a sopping-wet pussy, I said to Stefanie, “I'm going to spank that sweet tail of yours...after work.”

She looked at me with her big brown eyes lined with purple and her lips slicked with cherry-red gloss. She seemed suddenly unsure of herself, hesitant even as she pouted. Maybe she'd thought that playing the role of the brat would win her a few sexy smacks before she left for her day. If so, she was wrong. She stepped closer to the bed, and I shook my head. She pivoted back around and rubbed one palm over her right ass cheek. “You mustn't be late, young lady,” I chided, and she gave herself a playful smack in response. It was hard enough to leave a pink print.

“You'll feel my hand tonight,” I promised



her. "I'll have you bent over my lap with your bottom in the perfect position for a thorough swatting."

"There's time," she insisted, gazing from me to the clock by the bed, seeming to calculate in her mind.

"I thought you said you had an early morning meeting."

She bit her lip. She didn't know what to say or do, clearly distracted by my promise of punishment. I leaned forward and began to describe my plans for that night in graphic detail.

"So you can see we really don't have time for that now," I added.

She nodded in concession, but she didn't totally give in.

"Jack," she whispered, "spank me now. Just a quick one. Just a little one." She was pulling down her thong and backing toward me, offering up her gorgeous hindquarters. "Come on. Don't make me wait all day. You've got me so excited."

And I intended to keep her that way all day long. I shook my head. "You've got to get to work," I reminded her teasingly. "You have places to go. Things to see. People to..."

"Spank me, Jack!"

I smiled at her. "Definitely. I will. Tonight."

I knew my taunting would only excite her more. If I kept it up, I could guarantee her pussy would be soaked when I finally

put her over my lap that evening. Maybe, I'd even be able to make her come from simply spanking her.

She was a wreck after that, completely unnerved by what I had said. It was a pleasure to watch. She dressed herself, but it took longer than usual. She tried on several outfits, shaking her head at each one. As she bustled about her morning tasks: pouring coffee, preparing her lunch, finding her phone and her keys, she kept shooting me doe-eyed looks. I could read her desires easily. All she wanted was a spanking.

Good. She'd get one. But not for hours.

The whole atmosphere in our apartment had changed. From the manic rush of Monday morning to the throbbing beat of a truly carnal connection.

When she kissed me good-bye, there was an added urgency to her lips on mine. After she left the house, she had to come back for a few things she'd forgotten. I'd managed to make what was going to happen in the evening more important than anything else in her world.

The truth is that thinking about spanking Stefanie took over the bandwidth of my brain, as well. Imagining her bottom taking on a berry glow made my dick intensely hard. The difference between the two of us—one of the differences, anyway—is that I savor the build-up while she always wants to

charge forward into the main event. That's what this day's foreplay was for. That was why I'd dangled the concept in front of her before she even left the building.

Stefanie and I have engaged in spanking play since we first met. She wasn't my first girlfriend who was into being punished, but she's been the most vocal about it. That first time, six years ago, she and I had a little back and forth verbal play, and she said, taunting me, "Well, why don't you just spank me?" So I did. Right away. I'd pulled her forward and placed her over my knee. Then I'd flipped up her little skirt and let my hand heat her bottom until she was kicking and squirming and promising to be good.

"Good" in this context meant giving me the most spectacular blowjob and then riding me reverse cowgirl so I could watch those hot buns of hers bounce in the most becoming manner.

Memories of spankings past kept me in a heated state all the way to work. When I got to my office, I had to text Stefanie. Perhaps she'd cooled down during her own commute. If so, I wanted to stir her up once more, making her stew in her juices all day until I could make what I'd promised in the morning not simply words but a reality.

I tapped out a text, telling her a paddle might be more appropriate than my hand,

VARIATIONS

▷ SPANKING

and sent it to her, and then I quieted myself. I'd let her imagination run with what I'd given her. Let her picture me taking her down the hall to the bedroom.

"Enjoy sitting today," I wrote to her an hour later. "You'll be squirming tonight."

"I'm squirming now," was the immediate reply. That was the spunky girl I know and love. "Squirming like you wouldn't believe," followed shortly thereafter. And not much later, I received: "Why didn't you spank me this morning, Jack?"

I could have let her question hang there in the ether, but I was enjoying our conversation. "You're the one who had an early meeting," I wrote back teasingly. "I hope this hasn't consumed your entire day."

"It has. You win. Meet me for coffee? I have a break at two."

I knew full well she didn't want to meet for coffee. She wanted to coerce me into spanking her before I was ready.

"Naughty girl," I texted back. "That just won you five extra."

"Promises. Promises."

It was entertaining to me that she seemed comfortable being flippant while at her office. I was pretty sure when we were face-to-face once more she would be contrite and polite. There would be no smart-assed behavior.

"Can you spare me 10 minutes?" she tried again.

Oh, I could. Ten minutes would give me plenty of time to heat her ass for her. Damn—she'd gotten into my head and turned the tables.

I couldn't have that.

"Now that I really think of it," I told her, "my hand and a paddle are most appropriate."

She had no sassy comeback for that comment. At least not right away. Then—right when I'd thought I'd tamed her—I received a photo of her ass. What had she done? Gone to the restroom and taken an ass selfie? Apparently, so. I sent her back a picture of my palm. That did the trick, and I turned my

attention back to work.

Late in the day, I wrote to her again. I'd been having a difficult time trying to focus myself, and I wanted to make sure she had a distraction as well. I told her I wanted to spank her gorgeous curves and then fuck her until she squealed with pleasure-tinged pain and sighed with pain-tinged pleasure. When I finished, it was finally time to leave.

Stefanie beat me home. When I arrived, she was seated in our living room with hands in her lap, looking as prim as could be. I could see from the pink circles on her cheekbones that she was as hot as I was. She didn't say a word, though. She

"I WANTED TO SPANK HER GORGEOUS CURVES AND THEN FUCK HER UNTIL SHE SQUEALED."

simply waited for me to issue the first command. I sat across from her on our loveseat for a moment. I wanted to hold on to the upper hand—make her wait for what she needed—make her breathless with desire.

I felt a wicked flare burn within me as I asked her how her day had been. There she was, trying to behave. She was desperate to show me with her posture and attitude that she was a good girl. That she would do whatever I desired. But when I pressed her, she cracked.

"You're such a tease," she said. There was an urgency to the way she was talking, like she couldn't wait to have me pull down her panties and get right to it. "I couldn't do a fucking thing!"

"Language," I warned.

"No, really, Jack. Every time I calmed down, you'd text me again with something that made me want to run to the ladies' room and rub one out."

"Did you?" I asked, narrowing my eyes at her. If she had climaxed without my permission, then her ass was in for a hotter night than I'd originally anticipated. I envisioned using my crop, or perhaps my belt.

"Of course not," she snapped.

"Tone," I warned.

She immediately looked down at the floor. Her flushed cheeks were positively on fire. She took a few breaths, as if she needed to steady herself before continuing. Then she met my eyes straight on and she said, "I was a wreck. You knew that was going to happen, didn't you? I barely was coherent in the morning meeting. My boss actually asked me if I was feeling okay. And what could I possibly say to that? Oh, I'm fine, but when I get home, my husband is going to put me over his lap and give me the spanking I deserve?"

"That would've definitely won you a reaction," I said, trying not to laugh at the situation. I wondered if her boss was the type of man who would think the idea was sexy.

Stefanie was trembling a little bit, which pleased me. I was convinced if I were to stroke between her pussy lips, my fingertips would be slippery with her juices. Breathing in deeply, I thought I could even smell the subtle aroma of her arousal. Weren't we a perfect pair?

Only when I was the one ready to tear off my clothes did I stand and lead her to the bedroom. Punishment time. That's what it was. After waiting all day—after my cock being hard for hours—the time had finally arrived.

I sat her on the edge of the bed while I got my favorite paddle from our toy box. It has a handle that fits my hand to perfection and a smooth, shiny business end. I sat next to my naughty wife



and then helped her into the position I desired. I let the paddle smack her through her dress a first, just as a little wake-up call.

Stefanie moaned, and I could she was enjoying the slow burn of the first blow working its way through her aroused body. I spanked her again, and she sighed. Then I spanked her harder, and she groaned. These had been the beautiful noises I'd imagined throughout the day. She was definitely not holding back. So I didn't either. I let the paddle fly through the air over and over. Stef pressed her pussy to my knee—hard. I knew what she was doing. She was trying to come while I spanked her!

Usually, I might have put a stop to that. But I am not a total sadist. If she wanted to come while I spanked her, I'd let her—this time. I pulled the hem of her dress to her waist, revealing her haunches and her frilly thong. She was making a wet spot on my knee, her juices soaking through her undies. I smacked her naked skin with the paddle. She yelped and pressed her pussy even harder against me. I dropped the paddle and used my hand, wanting to feel her

skin warm beneath my palm. This was what I'd been dreaming of all day. It seemed Stefanie had been, too.

"Oh, yes," she cried out. "Oh, yes, please." She kicked one leg out, and that action provided me with the perfect opportunity to punish her pussy. I smacked her left cheek, and then I spanked her right cheek. She was breathing in great gasps, visibly on the verge of a world-class orgasm.

I started to let my fingertips spank her pussy directly. She cried out my name as she came. All of the day's teasing had brought us to that delicious minute. Stefanie's entire body was wracked with the power of her pleasure. She trembled and wriggled, and then fell completely off my lap and to the floor.

"Take off your thong," I instructed. She obeyed me instantly, losing that hot-pink bit of fabric, but not before I could see with certainty how drenched she'd made it.

I got behind her immediately, adjusting her into a doggy-style position before undoing my belt and fly and freeing my erection. Stefanie was still making dove-like coos of pleasure as I impaled her

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with my dick. While I fucked her, I let my hands meet her ass in rhythmic bursts, continuing to punish her pink cheeks as I thrust inward in between each slap.

"Yes, Jack! Spank me and fuck me!"

I plunged my cock inside her, and she squeezed down on me. I smacked her ass, and she shouted my name. We went on like that until I felt my own climax building. Stefanie seemed to sense the state I was in. We were completely in sync.

"Touch my clit!" She begged me. I found her clit and pinched it as I pounded her, turning her words into wails of bliss. I couldn't hold off much longer myself. She spiraled into her own second orgasm as I reached my first and filled her with my seed, painting her on the inside with volley after volley.

In my world, spanking is an art form.

Stefanie is, and forever will be, my muse. And I—I am a Master. ☪

BACKDOOR BOYFRIEND

Colleen discovers her hunky neighbor shares her passion for strap-on loving.

By Colleen McConnell

The buns of my dreams were leaving the building for good, and I was despondent. I felt like I was on the verge of losing out on some super-hot sex because I hadn't worked up the nerve to make a play.

Tom, my sexy upstairs neighbor, was moving out and taking with him my opportunities to see him on sizzling summer days wearing nearly indecent running shorts as he fiddled with his truck engine and I fantasized about fiddling with his fanny. Tom was taking his beautiful bottom, as well as the rest of his rock-hard bod, someplace else.

I know some of the other women in the building cherished the moments when he'd strip off his T-shirt to wipe his brow, but I was fixated on the other end of him. Sure, his body was muscular and handsome—built without being absurd—but it was his ass that thoroughly captured my attention.

I found out he was leaving when he slid an invitation to his farewell party underneath my door. Oh, how I wanted to slide something into him! I shook my head. I had to say good-bye to more than Tom. I had to let my wicked wishes fade away.

I put on a black minidress and dragged my sad self to his "moving on" party. He'd already packed up and moved most of his stuff. He'd basically invited everyone over to say cheers, while the neighbors helped him empty his liquor bottles so he wouldn't have to cart those away, too. There was lots of happy chatter as people sipped scotch and wine, before moving on to bizarre cocktails and cordials.

I smiled and socialized as best I could. But all I wanted was to literally kiss Tom's

ass good-bye. I nursed my drink and gazed forlornly at my favorite ass as Tom mingled with the rest of the guests, being the consummate host.

For four years, I had ogled his hind end whenever I could. I'd tried not to drool over his pert posterior whenever he wore his tight bike pants—and often failed.

He didn't have those shorts on that evening, but he was wearing a tight pair of jeans. Whenever I thought he wouldn't

**"WE WERE
PROPERLY MATCHED,
HIS ROD FITTING
FANTASTICALLY
INSIDE MY
JUICY SNATCH."**

catch me, I stared at his denim-covered butt and mentally kicked my own for not having made a play earlier. My mind spun as I tried to figure out how to tell him what I most desired: to use my strap-on to take him for a down-and-dirty ride.

As the booze disappeared entirely and the party began winding down, Tom sidled up next to me and said, "There's something I wanted to ask you." And then in a rush, as if he'd worked all evening to get up his nerve and didn't want to chicken out, he blurted: "What did you do to your boyfriend to make him moan like that?"

"My boyfriend?" I stammered in surprise. Had my ex been that vocal?

I hadn't really noticed. I'd been too focused, quite honestly, on Bobby's butt to pay much attention to his mouth.

"He was always so loud. I could hear him in my apartment," Tom explained.

I hesitated before speaking, but realized I had nothing to lose.

"Do you really want to know?" I asked, leaning closer to him.

He nodded his head eagerly, with a yearning expression on his face.

"I used to peg him," I confessed in a breathy whisper, laying out all of my cards.

"Meaning?"

"I used a strap-on to fuck his ass," I replied bluntly.

Pegging men turns me on more than any other sexual act. The trick is finding men who want to experience the erotic act, which isn't easy. Many a man would enjoy having his woman strap on a big dick and thrust it up his ass—if he had the nerve to try it. Many don't, and you really do need to be on the same page with something like this. Both players truly need to feel safe and secure in their desires for the outcome to be positive. Usually, I keep my sexual proclivities to myself. What goes on between me, my lovers, and my strap-on isn't anyone else's business. But I was still hoping Tom might become one of those lovers.

His deep blue eyes were staring at me intensely, as if he was trying to picture how I'd look sporting a harness with a great big dick.

The last of the guests stumbled out minutes later, and Tom and I nodded good-bye as they departed.

We were standing in a quiet, nearly empty apartment, staring at each other. If sexual desire had a color, the room would have been lit in red and gold.

My handsome neighbor brushed his hair out of his eyes. I briefly glanced at his crotch. His dick was hard from simply knowing I had one of my own at my place. I could tell.

He licked his bottom lip, and I stood up straighter. We were going to fuck, and it was going to be awesome. That's what the crackling energy zipping between us told me. But one of us had to make the next move.

I decided it would be me.

"You don't have much furniture left. Let's go to my place. Besides, that's where I keep my dick and the lube."

He smiled, appearing to like the idea, so we headed down the stairs together. We'd crossed paths before in this building, countless times. But never with an agenda like this, with a "fuck him up the ass" plan in place.

Our excitement actually got in the way of the main event. First, we were petting on the stairs, Tom slipping his hand up my dress and into my panties to finger my clit. I held on to his shoulders and threw my head back, sighing.

I'd wanted to be with him for so long. I was so excited it was finally going to happen. When he stroked my clit just right, I came. Right there in the hallway. That had never happened to me before. Tom had my pussy juices all over his fingers, and he licked the tips clean while I stared at him. The connection between us was powerful. I could almost have come a second time from watching him savor my sweetness.

He pulled my purple panties all the way off and held them in his hand. I could see the look in his eyes—could read the hidden promise there. Or not so hidden. He wanted to fuck me right on the landing. I shook my head. Maybe he was going to move out the next day, but I still had to live there. I didn't want one of our other neighbors to walk out and catch us doing it doggy-style against the wrought-iron railing. That's how a girl gets a reputation.



VARIATIONS

ANAL SEX



**“HE SAT BACK
AND LET ME
SLOWLY JERK
HIM AS HE
CLOSED HIS EYES
AND SIGHED.”**

said. “When he was in the bed with me, I was the macho one.”

But then I paused, not wanting to interrupt his story.

“Nevermind,” I shook my head. “You do the talking. I’ll do the licking.”

He seemed paralyzed for a moment, unsure. It was clear he wanted to hear me talk about ass-fucking my ex—but he also wasn’t going to turn down a blowjob!

I licked the tip of his pole, and he murmured my name in a hoarse voice and wound his fingers through my curls.

“I stopped outside your window when I heard him talking to you. He was asking you to fuck him. There was this need in his voice. It made my cock hard. I couldn’t believe how much it turned me on.”

He arched his body, thrusting his cock toward me, wanting my mouth enveloping his shaft. Everything about him was making me increasingly excited. His dick was so stiff, and his tightened balls felt good in my hand. I tugged his sac lightly, then played tricks with my mouth on the head of his cock, sucking only the tip before doing my best to deep-throat the whole enormous thing.

“You told him you would give him what he wanted if he held his cheeks apart and showed his asshole to you.”

That’s right. I had done that, although it sounded even dirtier when Tom described it to me. I’d made Bobby

“Come on,” I said, teasing. “It’s not far.”
“It’s, like, miles,” he said, joking about the four remaining steps we had until we reached my place.

We hurried inside, and I was glad I had cleaned my apartment the night before. But it didn’t really matter. Tom didn’t seem to care about my skills as a homemaker. He wasn’t interested in anything other than getting to the bedroom and having us both strip. He took off his clothes while I peeled down my dress and tossed it aside. Then we stared at each other for a few moments, absorbing the strangeness of the situation. This was Tom, the upstairs man, who apparently had it in his head that he wanted to be my backdoor boyfriend. At least for that one night.

I was good with that. But I didn’t want to rush through the motions. We connected in a series of desperate embraces, kissing and stroking one another with urgency. Our individual yearnings could not be denied. I thought of him fantasizing about me with my ex-boyfriend, his mind racing as he tried to picture what we had been doing in bed. It gave me a thrill to know I had been fueling Tom’s lust from afar.

We both knew the evening would end with me in his end. Yet we both managed

to take our time. There was something erotic about the knowing and the waiting. Plus, I’d already gotten off once. So it was easy for me to be patient.

In the bedroom, we climbed up on the mattress, and at my direction, he started fucking me. I was thrilled by the way he felt inside me. We were definitely properly matched, his rod fitting fantastically inside my juicy snatch. He pumped me, and I sighed. He swiveled his hips, and I licked the side of his neck. He got his thick dick nice and wet in my slippery hole before I urged him backward. His slickened cock bobbed expectantly, and I took it in hand, jacking him until he was groaning and pumping his hips, begging for release. But I didn’t want to release him. I wanted to make him stay right there, teetering on the edge until I was ready to let him come. He seemed to understand. He sat back and let me slowly jerk him as he closed his eyes and sighed.

“I heard the two of you one night,” Tom said. “I was parking my truck, and your window was open. You were with your boyfriend...”

“Ex-boyfriend. Bobby was his name.”

“Yeah, the macho guy with the motorcycle.”

“Only macho for the rest of the world,” I



lube up his own hole and then part his ass cheeks and bend over for me. He had done exactly as I'd instructed, so desperate to feel my pole pummeling his backdoor. Making him submit in that way was a huge turn-on.

"I tried to picture what you two were doing, but I didn't know exactly what was happening...I stood outside and listened. I was kind of ashamed at being a peeping Tom, but I also almost came in my pants."

That cracked me up. He was a peeping Tom! Peeping—and his name was Tom! He laughed, too, but then he said, "I've been thinking about that night for months, and I didn't know how to talk to you about it. It was too personal. Too strange to say to a neighbor. I didn't want to freak you out. Like I was a stalker or something. But I'd always thought you were hot before that night, and after that, I couldn't get you out of my head."

I licked his balls, then tried to cram both in my mouth at once. Then I sucked

on my finger and reached between his cheeks to stroke his asshole. He grew totally still as I touched him gently at first, and then with a more aggressive manner. When I looked up, I saw his dick was leaking pre-come. He was wound up and ready. There was no point waiting any longer.

I moved off the bed and got out my harness and strap-on. He watched me hungrily, as if he could almost not believe his luck—that this was actually happening. But it wasn't. Not quite. Not yet.

"Open your mouth, Tom. Open wide for me."

I felt so elated. My hunky neighbor was going to blow me. And then I was going to fuck him with my cock after he'd gotten it dripping wet with his own spit.

I could tell from his body language that Tom was as heart-poundingly worked up as I was.

He drew his bottom lip into his mouth nervously before opening wide and

devouring my dick. His moves were clumsy, but he had an earnestness that was equal parts adorable and arousing as he slobbered over my cock.

Tom worshiped my dick as if it were a living part of my body, as if I could truly feel his mouth on me. He worked me in almost slow motion before ramping himself up and really getting into slathering my dick. Every sexy second brought us closer to the moment when I'd be ass-fucking him. Every motion was just a place holder for where we were going to go next. I was nearly delirious with excitement, feeling my pulse pounding throughout my entire body.

I let Tom find his own rhythm, at first, until he seemed truly comfortable. But once he had relaxed somewhat, I thrust forward. He took me to the hilt without balking, deep-throating the toy like a cock-sucking pro. I felt a dirty thrill as I began to fuck his face. I wanted him to take it all, then I wanted to flip him over

VARIATIONS

ANAL SEX

and pummel his back hole. And I knew in no time, those filthy fantasies would be entirely fulfilled.

Only when he had me nearly ready to explode from watching him blow me did I tell him to get on his hands and knees. He moved whippet fast, getting into position, with his head resting on his forearms and his beautiful ass thrust back at me.

After all, this was what we'd both been craving. I got my lube and poured out a generous supply. Then I took my time. I

**"I WAS GOING TO
FUCK HIM WITH
MY COCK AFTER
HE'D GOTTEN IT
DRIPPING WET."**

rubbed the lube into his snug little hole. I let him feel my greasy fingers dipping into his opening. He was babbling under his breath, telling me how long he'd waited for a woman who'd be willing to do that to him. How many nights he'd fantasized about finding her—and wondering if she was me.

"This isn't a fantasy. It's very real," I said as I gently pressed my cockhead against his asshole. "Really real," I added, leaning in a little so his pucker widened to take in my toy. Yes, his opening was spread nice and wide, ready for me to take the plunge. I held myself still. I could feel the subtle tremor wracking his body.

"Now," he whimpered. "Please. Don't make me wait any longer."

Upon hearing his plea, I went in. Just an inch. I knew he was feeling the stretch as his tight ring of muscle struggled to accept my mammoth cock. He was feeling the slight twinge of pain, the delicious burn, even as he craved more. I would give it to him, in time.

I gripped his hair, and I turned him so he could watch the two of us in the mirror over my dresser.

"See that?" I asked. "That's you with my dick in your ass."

Your beautiful ass, I thought. The ass of my dreams.

"What do you think, Tom?" I swiveled my hips a little, pushing in and then pulling out. I wanted him to be out of his head with lust. I wanted him to fuck himself, to push back and impale his ass on my tool like the little butt slut he was.

"I'm ready," he said. "I'm so ready. Fuck me, Colleen. Fuck me!"

One hard thrust. That's what I gave him, filling his entire back channel with my synthetic cock. He fisted the sheets. I pulled out and added more lube, drizzled the glistening liquid all down his crack and over my toy. Then I held his waist and took him for a ride. I pulled him back onto me, and then I jammed into his hole again and again.

As he fell under my spell, he began rocking his body backward to meet my thrusts, fucking himself on my staff. Just like I'd dreamed. What a good boy.

He murmured, "Yes, oh, yes," over and over, his words a musical melody that made my own pleasure soar.

I reached between his legs, stroking his cock in time with my thrusts. He let me know that everything I did took him to the next level. He said my name, begged me to fuck him harder and faster. I increased the speed, slamming into his hole so quickly my body must've been a blur. I could feel my heart pounding as fast as my cock was rocketing in and out of his ass.

This is what ass-fucking is all about for me—the moment when two people are joined so closely it's difficult to tell where one starts and the other ends. I was giddy with pleasure from what we were doing, and I could guess that Tom was, too. We were both covered in a shiny sheen of sweat, and I knew it wouldn't be much longer before one of us went off. It was only a question of who would lose it first.

It would be Tom. He told me in no



uncertain terms he was going to come: "If you keep fucking me like that, Colleen," he said, panting in between words. "If you keep that up, I am going to shoot all over your mattress."

I was approaching my own orgasm as well. Every time I pounded him deep, the base of the cock nudged my clit. Each thrust pushed me relentlessly toward another erotic explosion. Pegging him had exceeded my most outrageous expectations.

Though I was teetering on the edge myself, I made sure to let him come first. I used my fingers to milk his dick as my own pistoned in and out of his anus. He shivered all over and then went off, shooting all over my sheets. I slowed my motions, but I didn't stop entirely. The dildo was pressing just right against my clit, so I kept pounding him until my climax had overtaken me. I collapsed against him as the power of my orgasm thoroughly wrecked me, the waves of bliss nearly drowning me.

When I finally pulled out of his ass, my chest was hitching with the effort to catch my breath. Tom, at my side, looked mussed and slightly delirious. His eyes were glazed as he kissed me.

As the buzz of my pleasure faded and reality crept back into my consciousness, I said, "You're moving out. I'm going to miss you." *And your ass*, I added in my mind.

"You won't have to miss me if you don't want to," he said.

I didn't understand. He took me with him to the window, and he pointed. "Do you see that building?" I followed his finger, then nodded. "That's where I'm moving. My apartment there is a little bigger, which is what I wanted. I needed space for a home office."

He was moving—but he wasn't moving far! The notion made my heart leap—and my pussy tingle.

My strap-on and I would definitely be willing to take a short stroll to take him on a wild ride—any time he wanted. ☺



VARIATIONS

WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

1 GEEK LOVE

My roommate, Seth, was studiously sexy. Every shelf in our apartment overflowed with books on this type of science or that type of math. I couldn't open a closet without seeing the spine of an advanced calculus textbook or a tome on interplanetary communications. Studying was Seth's life. That was fine because I loved to study him. When he was bent over the kitchen table, curls in his eyes, glasses slipping down his nose, I found myself mentally tracing his features. He had a strong jaw, bright red hair and was damn fine-looking without seeming to know it. If he took those glasses off and stared at me the way he looked at his books, I would melt.

Up until last night, he only had eyes for science.

Fortunately, he had hands for something else. A little after midnight, I heard what were the unmistakable sounds of my roommate masturbating. There could be no other explanation for the squeak of the mattress and the

muffled moans. I knew for a fact he was in there alone.

I sighed. I could tell he was trying to keep the noise low. I wondered if he had a pillow to groan into or if he was biting his palm.

I was equal parts aroused and curious about how he would look jerking off. Intense, I'd bet. If only I could see.

That's when I had a wicked idea. I probably could see, I'd decided, if he'd left the door to the bathroom open slightly. The shared bathroom was between our two rooms. In the name of research, if nothing else, I ought to have a peek. Then I'd find out exactly how he handled himself. If he caught me peeking at him, I wondered if he'd buy "research" as an excuse for my being nosey.

I'm not a science major, but maybe some of his love of data was rubbing off on me. That is, where rubbing one out was concerned.

Quietly, I entered the bathroom through my door. I could hear him even better there. He was breathing hard, nearly panting. His door was open. That's why I'd been able to hear him so clearly in my room. I started to touch myself. I couldn't

help it. I let my fingers dance over my pussy as I moved forward. My bare feet tiptoed as quietly as possible, but not, it turned out, quietly enough.

The sounds on the other side of the doorway stopped. He'd heard me! I didn't know what to do, so I froze. Then the door opened all the way, and my roommate flicked the light switch on. He was totally naked with a fierce erection. I had a difficult time looking into his eyes and not at his impressive dick. I tried to imagine how I must look to Seth. I was standing there in my nightie with my hand in my panties, and I didn't really have any way to talk myself out of the situation, other than to state the obvious: "Hi, Seth, I was just standing here listening to you masturbate when I decided to join in secretly." Though I never said the words, my thought summed up the situation neatly.

I practically held my breath, waiting for what would happen next.

What really happened was simple. Seth tilted his head at me and nodded to my hand wedged inside my bikinis. I pulled my fingers away quickly and then stood there staring back at him with wet fingers.

"Show me yours, and I'll show you mine," he said.

Seth was already standing there with a naked erection that looked like it could break down walls. That seemed to count as showing me his. But then I got the drift of what he meant.

"Show you how I get off?" I asked to confirm my hunch.

"Exactly."

"Where?"

"My room."

We walked the few steps into his bedroom, and he sat on the mattress and waited for me. I felt insecure and on display. Of course, that's because I was on display. "Usually," I stammered, "I do the watching."

"Really? So you're a voyeur."

"If you want to put a fancy name on it."

"Do you watch people often?"

I shrugged. There I stood in my sheer



“I WENT TO WORK IMMEDIATELY, SLURPING ON HIS DICK WHILE HE STROKED MY HAIR.”

nightie, my erect nipples poking against the fabric. My whole body felt alive and bright.

Slowly, I ran one hand along the length of my body. Seth watched hungrily, leaning forward to get a good, close look. I started to lift the hem of the nightie upward. He nodded, giving me the confidence to continue. I shucked my panties and kicked them aside. My pussy hair was trimmed, with a neat, little landing strip of fur right above my nether lips. I parted my lips with one hand and began to work my clit. My legs were trembling. I could feel Seth paying attention to every gesture I made, every subtle motion. My heart pounded in my ears.

“So you work slowly at first?” he asked, almost clinical-sounding, as if he might be taking notes for a research project.

“Don’t you?” I asked, pausing in mid rotation.

He shrugged. “Depends. Sometimes I go fast from the start.”

“Show me,” I insisted. I moved closer to his big bed with its rumpled sheets and piles of pillows.

“It helps to have a little...moisture,” he said.

“Oh, really?” I asked. “You’ve learned this in your experiences?”

He nodded. “Slickness adds to the pleasure.”

“Are you talking about lotion?”



“That’s one possible solution,” he said, “but there are others.”

His eyes fell on my mouth, then he looked down at his cock.

I got even closer to him, close enough to lick the tip of his dick—which was perfect because that’s what I wanted to do. I also wanted to wrap my lips around his bulbous head, taste the flavor of his pre-come, slip my tongue along the underside of his shaft, but before I did any of those things, I had to ask, “Would that be cheating?”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, I thought we were going to show each other what we like...I mean, how we like to touch ourselves. But now I’m going to be touching you...”

“You are?”

“Well, sucking you with my mouth. And that sort of defeats the whole purpose, doesn’t it?”

“Why stick by rules?” he asked. “We

can still watch each other. In fact, I’ll lay back and watch you blow me. Then you can take your turn in my spot and watch as I lick and suck your clit until you come.”

That sounded like an awesome plan. I went to work immediately, slurping on his dick while he stroked my hair and told me how great my lips and tongue felt. I couldn’t respond because my mouth was stuffed full of his rod, but his whispered words inspired me to suck him more intensely. As I upped my blowjob game, he released a nonstop series of helpless groans.

When I looked at his eyes, I saw a familiar expression on his face, like he was seriously studying me. Well, I would give him something to write about in his notebook. I sucked him with the type of vacuum power that would have left even the most loquacious lover speechless. Seth fell back against the bed, and I whipped

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**“MY COCK
FOUND HER SLIT
LIKE A HEAT-
SEEKING MISSILE
AND PLUNGED
INSIDE HER.”**

my hair against him so that the tendrils tickled his thighs.

“Oh, yes!” he cried out when he found his voice. “That’s right, Candace! That’s perfect!”

In a heartbeat, he was filling my mouth with his cream. The results of our experiment were superb—and quite delicious.

For a second or two, we were silent. Seth needed the time to regain his bearings. I hoped he’d remember what we’d discussed. First him, then me.

To my delight, he spun me around and locked his lips around my clit. My hot button was swollen and ready to bask in the glow of his attention. Blowing Seth had turned me.

I am far less studious than Seth. I didn’t pay attention to the hows or the whys of what he did with his lips and tongue. I simply floated on the pleasure he delivered, finding sweet bliss because of his sweet mouth. He held me to him, clutching my body as he licked me and kissed me all the way to a bed-shaking, body-quaking orgasm.

“What did it feel like to be the exhibitionist for once?” he asked afterward as I sprawled languidly in his bed.

“Just once?” I teased. “Don’t you need to repeat an experiment to verify the results?”

“I love it when you talk science to me,” he said.

—C.R., Austin, Texas



HIGH NOTE

Right blue panties lay discarded on the floor by the foot of the bed. I noticed them as Gina and I were about to leave for the jazz club, but I didn’t say a word. What would I have said, anyway? “Gina, is that your underwear?” Of course, it was. But why were they on the floor and not on my wife?

My better half swished ahead of me in her ankle-length black coat. All I could see was a flash of her shiny black booties, the ones with the silver zippers tracing up the backs of the heels. When she walked, she was a mystery in motion. I didn’t know what she was wearing beneath that coat, but I could guess what she wasn’t wearing. Those blue panties had given me an inkling.

Gina snuggled against me as I drove us to the club. She talked to me about the ensemble we were going to hear, but all I could think about was her ensemble. She didn’t have on panties. What else did she—or didn’t she—have on?

“They’re really the best musicians,” she said casually. “We’re in for a treat.”

I certainly hoped so.

The group was one of her favorite jazz combos, and she was all lit up. But I wondered if she was squirming

in her seat as we traveled only out of anticipation of their performance, or if there were other reasons she looked so flushed.

Gina rubbed against me while we waited in line at the club. On Friday nights, she often goes a little wild. Sometimes she’ll wear a deep V-neck dress with no bra, so when she bends over, I can see all there is to see. I could see from her parted coat that was the look she’d gone for that evening.

But deep down, I knew this night was different because unlike when she shares her cleavage with me and the rest of the world, I was sure she was commando—and that it was for my benefit only.

Once we were in the club, she pulled me to a booth in the rear. There she held my hand. It was a romantic gesture, and her fingers interlaced with mine. Then she took my hand and placed it on her thigh.

My fingers rested where her garters met her bare skin. I squeezed her leg gently.

Garters send me. I like all parts of the garter connection: the way they fasten with the little rosettes at the top and hook to the hose that she always matches to her outfit.

She grinned at me and said one word: “Higher.” Gradually, moving to the beat of

the music, I let my fingertips broach the hem of her dress, slip right under there and trace the path of the garters until I reached her bare pussy. I practically groaned when my fingertips met her slick, naked snatch. I had expected she was sans panties, of course, but now that I was certain I wanted to do more than our public setting would allow.

Still, touching her so intimately while we were in a crowded club was incredibly erotic. She was nude under the dress, for the most part, the stockings providing her a sense of decorum that was only for show.

I wanted to leave right then, to take her home and lift that dress, to bang out a rhythm against her beautiful body. But she wanted to hear the music. We were there for the jazz. But truthfully, I hardly even noticed the music. All I could think about was when she'd take off the dress, she'd be in heels, her stockings and garter belt, and nothing else.

"Can we go?" I asked.

"We just got here," she said laughing. Her smile was pure wickedness. She was fine with sitting there, letting my fingers tease her juicy split. She was satisfied to taunt me, to make my dick swell against my fly, to force me to reach down and adjust my package.

How long would I have to wait? I didn't even think I'd make it to the car. Maybe the two of us could go out back behind the club. I could push her up against the brick wall of the building. She'd lift her coat and her dress, and I would take her from behind, snapping the garters as I pounded her.

"Isn't the music sublime?" she trilled, her breath hot on my cheek. Oh, what a vixen! She knew perfectly well I was out of my head with lust. I felt we should have a vote on when we should leave and my erection should have counted as a participant in the decision. She, me and my hard-on. She seemed completely at ease with the progression of the evening. She was nodding to the beat,



tapping her fingertips against the stem of her wineglass. That's when I decided to play dirty.

I started to pat my fingers to the music, the way she was doing—except my fingers were cresting on her split, and I was hitting a beat I knew would take her over the edge in no time. I've fingered her clit hundreds of times, enough to understand exactly what she needs to reach her peak. Her head snapped toward me, a look of shock on her pretty face. I am usually more reserved and don't make such daringly sexy moves. But once her surprise faded, I felt her pushing against me, craving more of my touch. She was raising her hips off the seat of the booth, spreading her thighs a little wider to give me better access to her juicy cunt.

I didn't think anyone was looking our way. We were tucked into that dark corner, and the musicians were really jamming. But I pretended to be focused fully on the foursome on the stage while I thrust two fingers inside my lady's pussy. The group went to town, blowing sax and wailing on the horn, and I went to town, too, thrusting my fingers deep into her.

"Once you come," I whispered to her, "we're out of here. I need to be inside you."

She looked at me with dreamy eyes. She was on the cusp. I could tell. She always has that look when she's on the verge of orgasm. The saxophonist launched his solo. I used that joyful melody as my muse, and my fingering would have made any musician proud.

When Gina came, she hardly moved. Her whole body tensed and then a subtle vibration seemed to work through her. I pulled my hand free. She grinned at me in shock and gratitude. Then she grabbed my hand and led me from the club and out into the cool night air.

We never did make it to the car. In the dark alley behind the club, I pushed her up against the brick wall and began kissing her madly as she worked my fly open. Once she'd freed my cock, I grabbed one of her thighs and raised her leg. My cock found her wet slit like a heat-seeking missile and plunged inside her slick depths.

Gina moaned into my shoulder and bucked toward me as I pounded her fiercely.

I'd take care of her again later. At that moment, all I wanted was to get off and shoot deep inside her—and I did. Then we went for round two at a more leisurely pace after we arrived home.

VARIATIONS

WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS



It was certainly an evening of firsts, and everything began with something not quite forgotten. A pair of blue panties, left behind on the floor.

—M.R., New Orleans, Louisiana

OPEN HOUSE

When Josie made the comment about how lucky I was to have such a handsome husband, my pussy grew wet.

Why? Because I knew I had an opening to discuss the possibility of swapping. This is something a wife like me waits for. Swinging can be an awkward subject to broach. Most people don't go around pitching their spouses at one another. But Josie and Phil were close friends. I was only going to suggest that we get closer still. I knew my husband, Rick, would be into the idea. He's always in the mood to share our pleasure with others. Now, my goal was to find out if Josie and Phil were at all inclined to play the way we did. I had an inkling they were.

"Phil is really hunky, too," I said, flirtatiously.

There was quiet then, but we were both preoccupied with our own thoughts. We

sipped our coffees, while I tried to decide how to slip my idea into the conversation.

Then Josie said, with a gleam in her green eyes, "You know, Phil and I were wondering—"

"If Rick and I have an open marriage?" I asked hopefully.

Her face glowed with excitement. My hunch was correct!

I said, "Yeah. Definitely. Are you two new at this?"

"Brand-new," she said, "Like never. We've never tried it. But we've been talking about ways to, you know, spice up our love life..."

"And you find Rick spicy?"

"I'm nervous, though," she said.

"We could all be in the same room."

She nodded and said, "I'd like that."

I promised her we'd go slow and told her they could stop the action if either of them ever felt the need. The night would be about her and Phil, making them comfortable. I had a feeling, however, that once we got started, Josie wouldn't need any breathers. Turned out, I was right.

As soon as they showed up on Friday night for "dinner," she was on Rick, pressing herself against him and running her fingers through his hair. She was a woman untamed, and it was a beauty—a thrill—to watch. Rick didn't mind the attention. He knows he's handsome, but

it's never gone to his head. He kissed Josie and then gazed at me.

Phil was staring at his wife. He seemed in awe. I took him by the hand and led him into the living room. I was pretty sure Josie and Rick would follow from the foyer. She'd wanted us all to be in the same room, after all. But they were taking their time, so I stripped for Phil and waited for him to lose his clothes. He said, "You're damn sexy, Sheila."

He was, too. Different from my tall, dark-haired husband. Phil was leaner and blond, and he had mesmerizing blue eyes that seemed to be shooting me all sorts of messages. I got the feeling that where his wife ran hot and fast, he was cool and slow. He pulled me to him, and we embraced. I felt his hard-on against me, and I turned, motioning for him to sit down on our loveseat. Then I settled in his lap with his dick deep inside me and my back to his front.

From where we were, I could hear Josie sighing and moaning Rick's name. I looked over my shoulder at Phil, who put his hands on my waist and started to bounce me up and down. I reached down, stroking his balls. He bit my shoulder and raised me even higher in the air with a mighty thrust of his hips. I'd been curious about his length, but I hadn't ever thought about his girth, which was considerable. I felt thoroughly filled as he thrust repeatedly inside me.

Momentarily, I managed to forget our other partners, consumed as I was by what I was feeling. Phil pinched my clit between his thumb and pointer. I shouted, "Yes, oh yes!" right as Josie and Rick finally entered the living room. Josie's eyes focused intently on the spectacle of me riding her man. Then she moved to the large recliner and motioned for Rick to have a seat. In seconds, she and I were facing one another, each of us getting boned by the other's man. One of my favorite things about swinging is shared moments like that.

When Rick stroked Josie's pussy, she

**“WHEN RICK
STROKED
JOSIE’S PUSSY,
SHE AND I LET
OUT A MOAN
TOGETHER.”**

and I let out a moan together. Her pussy was entirely shaved, and she used her hands to spread her own cunt lips wide apart. Her clit was swollen and wet, nestled becomingly at the top of her slit. Rick touched her there, and she cried out in a husky bellow. Phil seemed to be transported at the sounds of his wife’s pleasure. His cock felt even larger inside me as he continued to thrust upward, delighting me with his animalistic motions.

Josie came loudly. Her melodic—nearly operatic—sighs seemed to reverberate through me. I watched Rick as he reached his peak and shot off inside her.

It was down to me and Phil. I moved off him, knelt on the floor and bent myself across our coffee table. He stationed himself behind me and pounded me hard. We came, I think, together.

I looked up at Rick and Josie. She’d moved off my man and was licking her juices from his shaft.

I couldn’t wait to take over from where she’d left off.

—S.R., San Francisco, California

Have you had an unforgettable encounter? Has your wildest fantasy come true or are you still planning out the sexy details? We want to hear all about it! Send your story to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.



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libido | noun | li-bi-do

1: A person's desire to have sex.

2: Instinctual psychic energy that in psychoanalytic theory is derived from primitive biological urges (as for sexual pleasure or self-preservation) and that is expressed in conscious activity.



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